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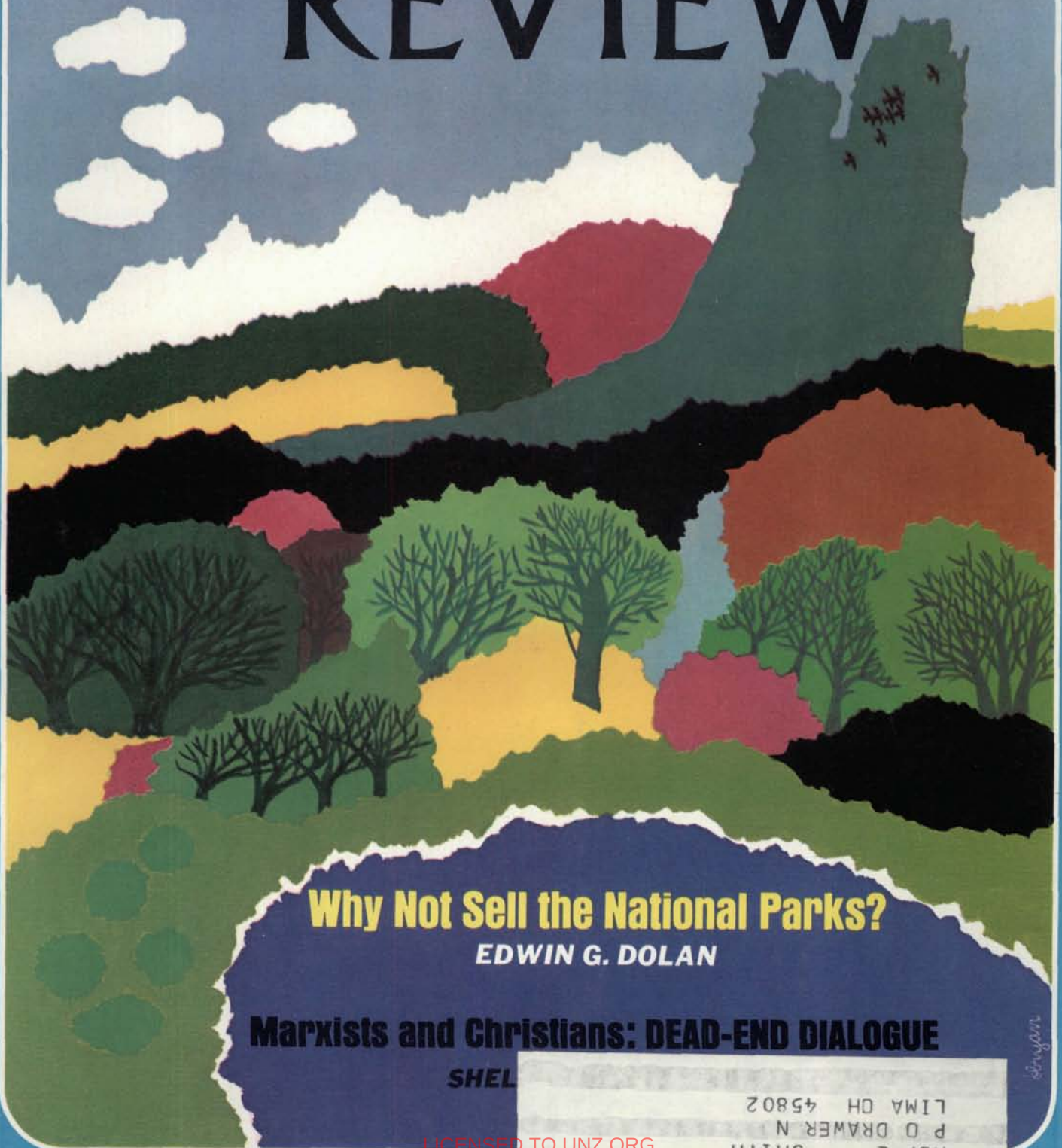
APRIL 6, 1971

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING —See page 372

NATIONAL REVIEW



Why Not Sell the National Parks?

EDWIN G. DOLAN

Marxists and Christians: DEAD-END DIALOGUE

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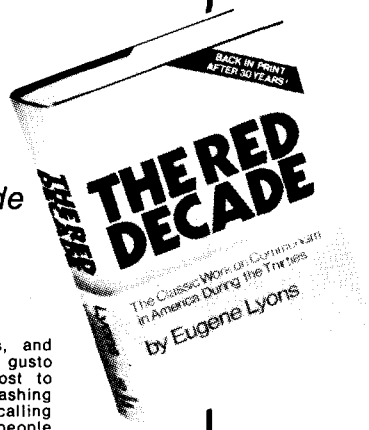
— Victor Lasky, *Indianapolis Star*



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346 The Week

ARTICLES

361 SST: Dead Duck or Phoenix? *by James Burnham*

"I cannot yet believe that my country is so far gone that it will crawl away whining from this SST challenge, even if a majority of its legislators do."

362 Why Not Sell the National Parks? *by Edwin Dolan*

Nature is fine, says the author, but national parks are a bad idea—because they tax the many to edify the few, and because wilderness preservation is too important to be left to bureaucrats. Instead, the parks should be owned and operated (it *can* be done at a profit) by those who really care, the conservationists. Mr. Dolan, an avid outdoorsman, is assistant professor of economics at Dartmouth. He will take the coming academic year off, to do research at the University of Chicago under Milton Friedman.

366 Letter from London *by Anthony Lejeune*

Still they ask, "can Heath do it?" And it's still too early to know for sure. But so far, says our man in London, the Prime Minister is standing firm.

367 Dead-End Dialogue *by Sheldon Moody Smith*

The author, minister at Washington Memorial Chapel in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, surveys that "Marxist-Christian dialogue" touted by the Christian Left—and comes away crying "stop!"

369 A Sad, Sad Tale *by Richard W. O'Donnell*

An exclusive interview with the sole survivor of the population implosion.

DEPARTMENTS

370 For Now *by C. H. Simonds*

E Pluribus Unum, roughly translated, means "you don't have to buy the whole package." Especially when it comes to disturbing things like life-styles and drugs.

371 Delectations *by Selden Rodman*

Our roving correspondent finds carnival time in Trinidad wacky enough, but beginning to smell prearranged.

372 Principles and Heresies *by Frank S. Meyer*

President Nixon and Secretary Laird tried to sound reassuring about our defense posture against the Soviet Union. Mr. Meyer is thoroughly unreassured.

390 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*

Concerning revenue sharing; and soul-baring as practiced by Beatle John Lennon.

340 For the Record 342 Letters 392 Trans-O-Gram

373 **BOOKS—ARTS—MANNERS**

Long-time *NR* contributor John Chamberlain finds delightful the collected essays of fellow-contributor William F. Rickenbacker ☐ George F. Will recommends Professor Gerhart Niemeyer's new book on the Soviet threat ☐ J. D. Futch, professor of history at Washington and Lee, distrusts new-style Southern historians ☐ Three new novels considered by Geoffrey Wagner, professor of English at CCNY ☐ Thomas H. Jukes reviews a big book on the Lysenko years, and wonders if American scientists aren't in for something similar ☐ David Brudnoy takes time off from finishing his doctoral dissertation to go to the movies.

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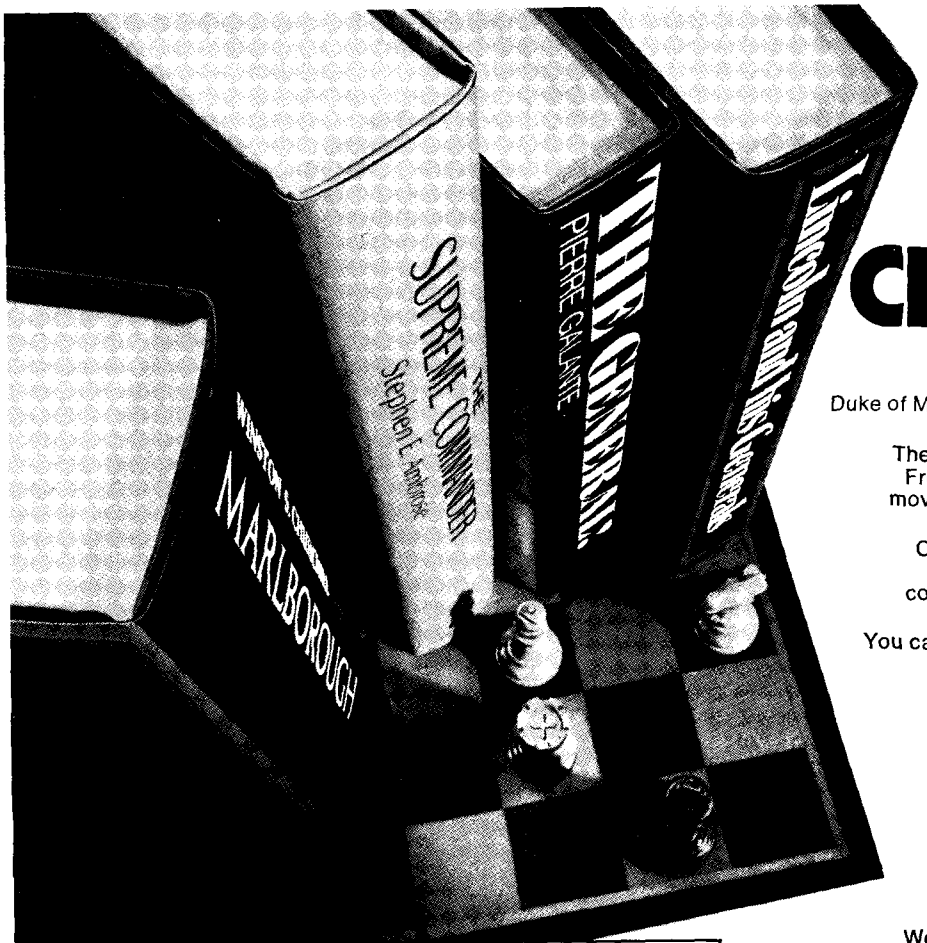

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FOR THE RECORD

■ What's big on the Left? If Socialist Workers Party's *Militant*'s your bag, it's **women's lib**, which includes repeal of all abortion laws, no forced sterilization (of welfare clients), support of Gay and Lesbian Liberation Fronts. *Militant* no longer uses Miss or Mrs., or even first names when writing about women. It's **Abzug, Fonda, Chisholm, Huggins, Millett, Friedan**. . . . Women's lib congressional favorite Abzug, incidentally, has all-female staff on the Hill; deeply shocked congressional sensibilities when she told a House doorkeeper recently, when he asked her please to remove her fedora, that he could go dirtyword himself. . . . In *Daily World* (Communist Party) it's **Angela Davis** all the way. March 16 issue, twelve pages, had ten full-length stories on her, including front-page banner. . . . We learn that a new Marxist-Leninist bookstore, the Angela Davis bookstore, has opened in New Haven, Conn., that Free Angela Davis sweatshirts are available from an outfit in Tacoma, Washington (subhead "Stop **Reagan**'s Lynching"), that **Sammy Davis** appeared on NET *Black Journal* show March 29 wearing a Free Angela Davis button, that a group of Brandeis alumni are petitioning alumni groups to nominate her (Brandeis '65) as head of the alumni association. . . . Maoist *Guardian* still concentrating in the main on the Indochina war (**Wilfred Burchett** reporting) and the peace movement in the States.

■ ACLU has blasted **Teddy Kennedy** for saying in congressional testimony that an all-volunteer army would be a "poor men's army." Not a scrap of evidence to support that contention, says ACLU executive director **Aryeh Neier**. . . . Town Council of Edgartown, Mass., has had to appropriate $1,000 for repairs to the bridge at Chappaquiddick. **Souvenir ghouls** at work. . . . In South Carolina, conservative Republican Dr. **James Edwards** has won nomination for **Mendel Rivers**' House seat with help of **F. Clifton White**, who managed **James Buckley**'s campaign in New York last fall against **Richard Ottinger** and incumbent Sen. **Charles Goodell**. . . . It's been a bad year for Goodell: he's just lost another three-way race, this one for a trusteeship at Cornell to Mrs. **Desdemona Jacobs**, an aide at an Ithaca junior high school.

"Well, Alice, you've finally gotten equality—you've been drafted."

■ **John W. Gardner** reports his nonpartisan Common Cause is huge success, has signed up 100,000 members (at $15 a head) in first six months of operation. . . . Columnist **Kenneth Crawford**, looking at what Common Cause has done in first six months, finds not a particle of difference between it and the ADA (which was founded to buttress the left flank of the Democratic Party) except, says Crawford, that the ADA at least is democratically run. . . . Common Cause has become so partisan, in fact (*vide* its campaigns against the Vietnam war, to reform Congress, to aid leftist causes in general) that many of its original backers are pulling out: among the retirees, **George Meany** of AFL-CIO, Mayor **Daley** of Chicago, heads of a number of important industrial enterprises.

■ Where are they now? **Alvin Glatkowsky**, who hijacked an American munitions ship to Cambodia (shortly before **Sihanouk** was overthrown) has been sentenced to ten years in jail in Los Angeles, for mutiny. He turned himself in to American authorities in Cambodia. . . . **Simas Kudirka**, the Lithuanian sailor who was refused political asylum after jumping to what he thought would be freedom on a U.S. Coast Guard vessel, is reported in prison in Vilna, undergoing interrogation on treason charges.

■ On the guerrilla front: Mexico has expelled five Soviet diplomats, including Chargé d'Affaires **Dimitri Diakonov**, after picking up nineteen young Mexican guerrillas who had been sent to **Patrice Lumumba** University in Moscow on a cultural exchange deal, then gotten guerrilla training in North Korea and been returned to Mexico to stir up trouble. . . . Urguayan government surprised and relieved at return of Attorney General **Guido Berro Oribe**. Tupamaros kidnapers had threatened to try him in a "people's court" for his crimes and to "bring him to revolutionary justice." . . . Turkish police have picked up three of the terrorists who kidnaped four U.S. airmen in early March. Their leader, **Deniz Gezmis**, said he had intended to kill all four, but didn't when he found one had a pregnant wife. . . . Farther left than Mrs. **Bandaranaike** it is hard to get, but even she is having her guerrilla troubles: she's declared a state of martial law in Ceylon as a result of leftist guerrilla activity there.

■ A reporter wanted to know why **Massachusetts** conservative Republicans felt it was necessary to organize their own **Conservative Party**. It's because, said one of the organizers, trying to work through the Riponesque GOP in Massachusetts is like "renting a deck chair on the *Titanic*."

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■ **While American banks are being blown up by "urban guerrillas," several Swiss banks are paying interest on checking accounts.**

■ **While foreign businessmen are shunning dollar investments, American Express now offers Swiss Franc Travelers Cheques.**

■ **While American bankers find themselves unwilling agents of the IRS, the Swiss government arrested a trio of foreign taxmen who, while in Switzerland, asked bankers impertinent questions instead of going skiing.**

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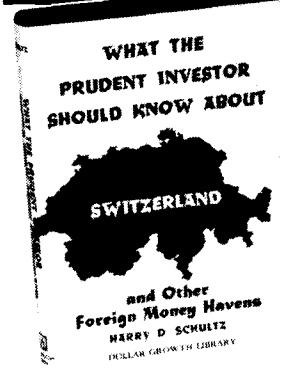

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LETTERS

On Benson and Defense

Charles Benson has written an elegant and eloquent argument for a "balance of defense," rather than a "balance of terror" ["Deterrence through Defense," March 9]. It seems a very rational intermediate step between the present dangerous tension and the peaceful world we all hope for.

There have been far too few articles written for laymen on the philosophy of our use of offensive and defensive strategic weapons. Mr. Benson's discussion of the limitations of "assured destruction" is the best I have ever seen.

The slogan "assured destruction" is analogous to "search and destroy," and the consequences would be massacres in the hundreds of millions, making Mylai seem like a game played by children. The U.S. proposal at the SALT talks that we abandon all ABM efforts sounds like something only Dr. Strangelove would promote. Fortunately, we can expect the Soviets to have more sense. Their experience with defense against Napoleon, Hitler and U.S. aircraft in North Vietnam will, hopefully, lead them to continue their research and development in this area, thus forcing us to as well.

As a token of my appreciation of your publishing such a necessary article, please send me twenty copies of "Deterrence through Defense" and enter my subscription for two years. We may not start on a major new national effort, with super-expensive satellite systems, but we certainly should increase our research and development efforts.

Huntsville, Ala. HUGO MYERS

Mr. Benson makes some very good points, but there is one area he fails to discuss: European nuclear power. It is estimated that the NATO forces have at their disposal about six thousand warheads of varying sizes. There are also considerable numbers of American forces in Europe, about 250,000 men not including the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. Even though this force could not alone take on the Soviet Union, it still represents a considerable strategic force.

One more slight criticism. The picture labeled "Minuteman III in its underground silo," is not a picture of a Minuteman III, it is a picture of a Minuteman II.

Despite this, Mr. Benson's article is one that all the Fubrightians in the Senate should commit to memory.

Point Pleasant, N.J. HARRY WARREN

If you'll excuse a critical note, Mr. Benson's article or perhaps the *presentation* of his article, seemed to be defective.

First, it lacks a systems approach, and if "systems approach" is divested of its unsavory political connotations, it will probably be admitted to be more effective than a non-systems approach.

A complete systems approach to a weapon's successful operation would include the entire route of its delivery—not just the hardware, communications and command set-up just before its use, but delivery from vague bright idea, to suggestion in some organization medium, to first appropriations, to advanced research, to full funding, and so on. Failures in these preliminary components are just as damaging to the weapon's performance as fifty shorted transistors. For example, the C-5A was meant to be part of a troop-delivery system; but inasmuch as the ship-component of the system was not built in Georgia, Senator Russell had no interest in it; therefore it wasn't built in significant quantities (if at all), and the C-5A was drastically reduced in effectiveness because of a failure in another major system component. My proposition is that a proper system flow chart would have included Senator Russell, binary-coded right along with everything else; almost surely this wasn't the case. I think the reasons for the omission are more traditional than logical.

A complete systems approach to BAMBI or MIMI (BAMBI seems a particularly wry name) would give as careful consideration to the possibility of delivering these weapons from the pages of *NR* to the next necessary stage, as does Benson to the redesign requirements of the MSR radar or orbital maintenance problems. That wasn't done, although for all I know you have something in the works to complete the necessary Boolean series (a-b-c-d . . . will be true—successful—only when all the components are true—successful).

Second, as has been well documented everywhere, there is a large antitechnological, introverted current of opinion. Also, it looks like the military is at best only in the middle of a very rough raking over the coals. Therefore unless Benson's ideas will cost much less than I'd guess, the government could not be talked into undertaking them. Assuming, then, that his plan is politically unviable, insisting on this type of solution to our strategic problem is irresponsible—politically because it can't be implemented and becomes effectively a nonsolution or "give-up," and intellectually because the insister couldn't be proven wrong, inasmuch as his proposal wouldn't be tested. Returning to the systems approach, the weapon would be defective because of a defective component in its delivery system.

I don't believe this objection stems from my being constitutionally opposed to Benson's ideas: His Libya takeover plan seems much more realistic. Provided the operation actually could be done quickly and successfully, the time and money required would be so little that its own success would insure viability. In contrast an expansion-complication of ABM would require a lot of time and money.

Third, ABM looks to me like Maginot Line, pure and simple. While it's prudent to have some defenses, if it's true that "we must have an impregnable missile defense in order to survive" then more than likely we've already lost. (Incidentally, item three on the cover completely distorts the sensible concept of attenuation Benson explains.) Heavy reliance on ABM would represent a shift to a defensive position: and, I tend to believe, to a Fortress America which would be submissive in overseas affairs.

Fairview, N.C. JOHN L. BURNHAM

Why Not HUTZPA?

"Why not MIMI?" asks Charles Benson. After all, he argues, it is better than BAMBI and twice as effective as SABMIS. But I am not at all convinced that, barring unforeseen contingencies as a) a failure of our BMD, or b) a misfiring of the FOBS, it is superior to the FRAMIS (Free Radar Altitudinal Missile Interceptor System).

On the contrary, FRAMIS has the advantage of simplicity, lacking the cumbersome electronic deficiencies of other, more complicated systems, like the MIMI.

Another advantage of the FRAMIS is that it can easily be combined with such devices as the IRV and the ING. These, taken together with the powerful MAVEN (Modular Airborne Vector-Encapacitator-Nuke), provide a retaliatory deterrent second—almost—to none. I say "almost" because there is a system for interspacial and earth-space delivery that is prime in its capacity to serve as a formidable pre-empt. I refer here to the HUTZPA (High Ultimum Tri-Zenith Propulsion Assembly). This system, by the way, owes its origins to the Weizmann Institute in Jerusalem where it has received high praise from emissaries of the Pentagon.

What originally attracted members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to the FRAMIS was its relative simplicity. But high costs —something in the neighborhood of a billion dollars (in 1957 currency) for each FRAMIS, and we would need at least nineteen of them on the West Coast alone —kept Pentagon accountants from pressing it before a reluctant Congress, especially in the first Nixon years when the President was pressed by other considerations. Nevertheless this was not the crucial

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Outfox the Fellow in the Bright Nightgown

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He was a two-quart-a-day man (double martinis on waking, if you will). Yet he detested messy drunks, and never missed a performance because of liquor.

He was an insomniac of such proportions that sometimes he could only achieve sleep under a beach umbrella on which a garden hose sprinkled imitation rain. Yet he referred to death (mysteriously, but without real aversion) as "the fellow in the bright nightgown."

He was unforgettably, incomparably, uniquely W. C. Fields, and his lesson was that style, style, style is all. Rhetorical style. Theatrical style. Psychological style. *Style, the surest outward sign of substance, of a special and original inward view.*

And so, it is to this sure, true, blithe spirit, "Uncle Willie," that we dedicate a new magazine. Our name: AUDIENCE. Our purpose: to outfox the fellow in the bright nightgown by keeping you alive to beauty, to humor, *to today.*

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence wherever excellence is to be found — brownstone, commune, playing field, concert hall, garret, campus, proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau, Volkswagen bus.

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THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other month — a magazine for enjoying at leisure. It comes to you in hard covers, without advertising — a magazine for saving. It is designed by Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser, whose Push Pin Studios recently became the first American design group ever honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers — an unheard-of coup first time out.

Specifications? Probably not even a Medici Pope could have commanded a book more opulent, more lavish. 216 square inches to the open spread. And depending on the contents of individual issues, a positively sensuous interlacing of papers. Papers for art reproduction, of a weight and quality for framing, and color plates by the bin. Rich tint papers for text. Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts. Stitchins. Endpapers. And for permanence, heavy board covers. In graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration of style. A celebration of excellence.

THE DEAL

Where available in a very few expensive metropolitan bookstores, AUDIENCE will carry a cover price of $4.95 the issue, or $29.70 for the full volume year, numbers one through six. *A reward for becoming a Charter Subscriber, however, is saving almost half this cost — provided you're prompt in using our coupon:*

Volume I, Number One is now on the press, and as much as we'd like to accept all comers, the print order for this first edition has now been set — an accommodation to collectors.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son,"

Fields once said, "but never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast, either." Our magazine is guaranteed to please. But if, for some reason, our Volume I, Number One issue *should* leave you feeling bamboozled, return it, and so much for AUDIENCE and you.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE ISSUE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us" Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?
A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine there lived a poor man called Todie. Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven children, but he could never earn enough to feed them properly. He tried many trades and failed in all of them. It was said of Todie that if he decided to deal in candles the sun would never set . . ."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with Hans Christian Andersen, and you get Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two fables clearly marked for posterity in the issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

THE COUPON

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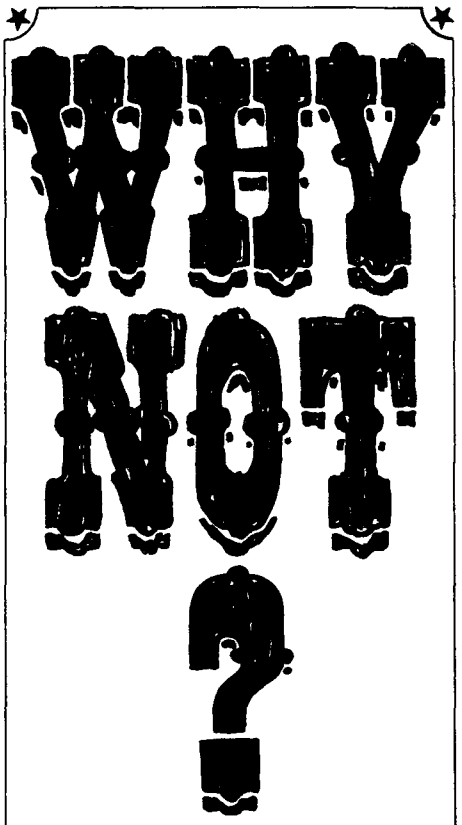

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factor in discontinuing work on the project. At just about this time, the Pentagon delegation returned from Israel with the blueprints for the HUTZPA.

Actually HUTZPA provides a reliable means for assuring not only a first-strike ability (at relatively little cost, dollar- and life-wise), but also offers a second- and third-strike potential when the laser-guided missile finds its way to home base. It is for all these reasons—and space forbids me from developing this further—that I regard the HUTZPA system as far in advance of the MIMI, although I hope my remarks will not be construed as any fundamental disagreement in principle from Mr. Benson.

New York, N.Y. MAX GELTMAN

Morality v. Pluralism

Will Herberg's "The Limits of Pluralism" [Feb. 23] penetrates to the nub of the problem confronting conservatives at the present time. Herberg's moral and philosophical elucidation of the question of legalized abortion in a Christian tradition is uncompromisingly clear; and yet, while counseling adamant perseverance in our personal beliefs, he urges political compromise to gain important concessions from the anti-life movement. This advice is a constructive counterrevolutionary tactic of the sort that conservatives must develop if they are to be of any use to Christendom during the Seventies. I congratulate *NR* for printing Herberg's article and hope you will encourage more writing to stimulate thought about such tactics, since philosophy without action is a sterile bull.

Refugio, Tex. JOHN F. TATTON

Mr. Herberg's remarks on abortion provide a welcome refutation of the "pluralism" argument, but his comment on proper anti-abortion strategy is ill-conceived.

Despite Mr. St. John-Stevas' efforts in the House of Commons, the situation in England has degenerated to one of abortion-on-demand. Significantly, during his recent visit to this country, Mr. St. John-Stevas expressed regret for his earlier views and urged Canadians to profit from the English experience, and keep our present restrictive abortion laws.

Lindell Beach, B.C. HOWARD L. BRIGHT

Will Herberg is mistaken as to the reasons for abortion's being condemned in the past. There were two extremely practical reasons—neither having the slightest connection with theology. The first was that medical knowledge was so primitive that the woman's life was endangered. The second was that, because of agrarian economies and high death rates, children were urgently needed. Obviously, neither of these conditions exists today.

I believe Mr. Herberg is also mistaken in stating that "popular opinion" or "democratic majorities" do not determine right or wrong. If they do not, who does? I suggest that the pronunciamentos of religious leaders, like political leaders, are only effective to the degree that the public will accept them.

Worst of all, however, is Herberg's cavalier reference to the "so-called 'population explosion.'" Where has this man been for the past 25 years? Perhaps he is not aware that the National Academy of Sciences, as well as hordes of other highly qualified individuals, has labeled population the world's Number One problem. We may well become the only species in history to cause its own extinction. If so, it will be to a considerable extent due to the likes of Herberg clinging to their medieval superstitions and failing to respond to the reality of the times.

Mount Holly, N.J. RICHARD T. WALNUT

There is a difference between repealing laws against abortion and the state's actually condoning, encouraging and sanctioning it.

Why not let the states repeal their laws against abortion, but at the same time let bills be introduced into the U.S. Congress and state legislatures which will provide for the cut-off of state or federal money to any institution performing abortions?

Why should forty million American Roman Catholics have to support these immoral acts with their taxes? Government may be indifferent to abortion but it should not support it.

Federal funds have been cut off in cases of segregation; surely the killing of unborn infants is at least as immoral as segregation.

Dayton, Ohio STEVE CRAVEN

Fulton Lewis Replies

Whereas I was somewhat flattered that you chose to quote from my *Exclusive* newsletter ("After two White House huddles with Pentagon and State Department officials, Mr. Nixon has decided tentatively to postpone or perhaps even cancel the attack against Communist installations in Laos") in your February 23 issue ["The Week"], my staff insists that your motives were to discredit.

Lest there be any misunderstanding, let us review the record.

On January 27, President Nixon gave his private go-ahead to plans for the South Vietnamese incursion in Laos which was then scheduled for January 31. A news "blackout" was imposed immediately in northwestern South Vietnam—the area from which the attack would take place. The net effect of the censorship was to alert the entire world to the planned invasion and that fact, in turn, alarmed both Mr. Nixon and the Pentagon considerably. The White House promptly ordered a delay in the Laotian operation so that Administration officials could "rethink" the entire plan. As of February 5, the date of my *Exclusive*, the above quote was 100

(Continues on page 384)

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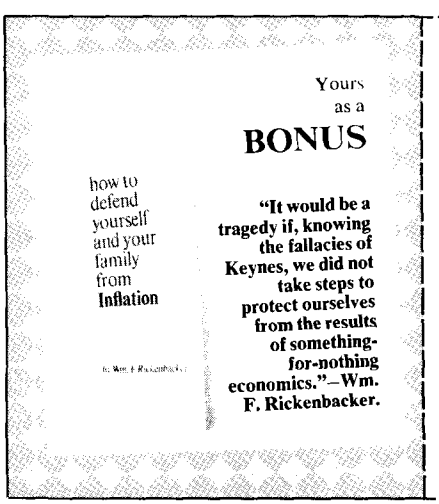
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THE WEEK

■ How about revenue sharing with the people who earned it?

■ The effort to gain more humane treatment and the eventual release of the American prisoners of war is expanding. Among organizations and individuals that have come to our attention are the Association for a Strong America (which is trying to unite various smaller POW groups); VIVA (Voices in Vital America—it works primarily on campus to involve students of all political leanings); the Reverend J. A. O. Preus, President of the Lutheran Church, Missouri Synod, who is starting "a modern 'crusade'—a visit to Hanoi and to other Communist leaders to intercede on behalf of American prisoners of war being held by North Vietnam, the Vietcong and the Pathet Lao." The National POW Day Committee (503 Fifth Avenue, Suite 109, New York, N.Y. 10017) is planning "nationwide demonstrations protesting the Communist brutality inflicted upon American prisoners of war"; these demonstrations, to take place on April 28, have been endorsed by the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia and by many governors and mayors. But the most dramatic event so far has been the offer by the Veterans of Foreign Wars to pay $100,000 to anyone who rescues an American prisoner from Indochina. By any means.

■ When the question was raised: Why has Sen. J. William Fulbright, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, never been to Vietnam, one of his aides quipped that the Senator feared he might be "brainwashed." 'Tain't funny, McGee, says *Human Events*, noting that last June two Fulbright researchers, James Lowenstein and Richard Moose, who had never been in Southeast Asia, brought forth a study that blistered President Nixon for his invasion of Cambodia. In November, Fulbright sent the pair to Indochina for an on-the-spot inspection and they came back with a report that Mr. Nixon had done exactly the right thing in invading Cambodia. *That* report Fulbright has failed to publicize.

■ The African Studies Association made headlines in October 1969 when its annual meeting at Montreal was physically disrupted by a black nationalist caucus. The militants, mainly members of a hastily organized African Heritage Studies Association, demanded that one-half of the ASA Board be selected by the AHSA. A year of turmoil was climaxed at the next annual meeting, when a resolution was passed acceding to this demand and also requiring one-half of the annual dues to be devoted to an African Liberation Fund. Negro Harvard Professor Martin Kilson, who resigned from the ASA board, responded to this political blackmail: "Clearly a sizable portion of the ASA's white membership, profoundly sycophantic in its guilt-ridden relationship to the silly political posturing and bizarre intellectual antics of black militants within the ASA, has no intention of retrieving its commonsense and returning to the first principles of an academic organization. . . . Problems of politics should not, as a matter of course, be their burden; there are enough organizations available for assuming political tasks." The Board recommended adoption of the resolution; when the mail vote went strongly against adoption, the militants resigned from the ASA. The Board is now canvassing other, voluntary modes of political action more cautiously, "within the bounds of a scholarly and tax-free association, under the Internal Revenue laws."

■ The church militant tramps on. Latest victim of new wave clerical self-righteousness: Bob Hope, denied the New York City Council of Churches Family of Man Award. Offered in February, the award was rescinded when militant antiwar ministers disrupted a Council meeting, attacking Hope for his "uncritical endorsement of the military establishment and the Indochina war" and his "mockery of those in society deeply committed to social justice [translation: draft-dodgers and campus demonstrators]." Commented Hope on the renegation: "I appreciate the Americans who have laid down their lives for our country. . . . If that stops me from getting awards, then I'll have to live with it."

■ The Anti-Defamation League reports with alarm that 10 per cent of the Jewish community in Chile has fled since the election of Salvador Allende. The ADL fears that Jews in Chile will suffer the fate that befell the Jewish community in Cuba after Castro came in. Nearly 90 per cent of them have since left Cuba. Because Cuba

Entombed in the Times

Sir Robert Thompson, the British guerrilla expert who is an adviser to President Nixon, believes the invasions of Cambodia and Laos have removed the military threat to South Vietnam. —New York Times

In a teeny-tiny column
  On a tertiary page,
I discovered this quotation
  From a military sage.
For your information, Thompson
  Is the general who won
Fighting Commies in Malaya
  "From the barrel of a gun."

W. H. VON DREELE

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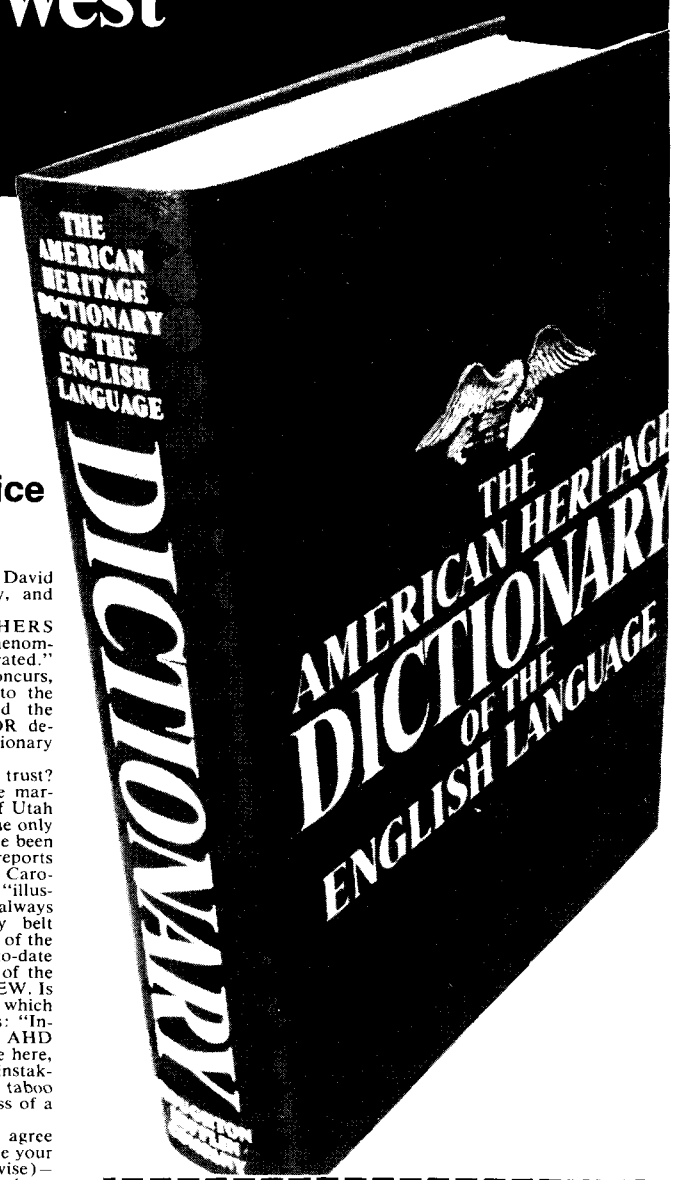

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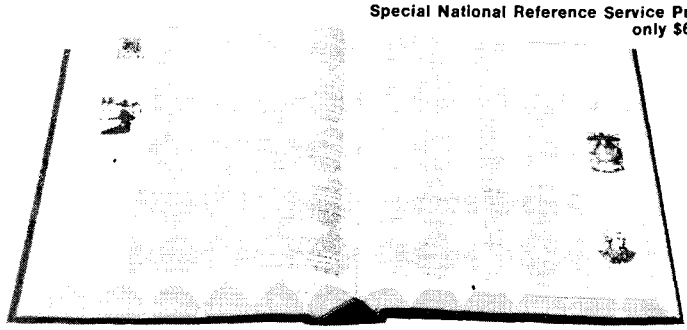

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What Did We Tell You?

"As you well know, Mr. President, 'railroad' carriages are pulled at the enormous speed of 15 mph by 'engines' which in addition to endangering life and limb of passengers, roar and snort their way through the countryside, setting fire to the crops, scaring the livestock and frightening women and children. The Almighty certainly never intended that people should travel at such breakneck speed."

—Martin Van Buren (when governor of New York) in a letter to President Andrew Jackson, 1829

"Aerial flight is one of that class of problems with which man will never be able to cope."

—Simon Newcomb, leading American astronomer, 1903

"The popular mind often pictures gigantic flying machines speeding across the Atlantic carrying innumerable passengers in a way analogous to our modern steamships. . . . It seems safe to say that such ideas are wholly visionary, and even if a machine could get across with one or two passengers, the expense would be prohibitive to any but the capitalist who could use his own yacht."

—William H. Pickering, another well-known American astronomer, 1910

"This foolish idea of shooting at the moon is an example of the absurd length to which vicious specialization will carry scientists. To escape the earth's gravitation a projective needs a velocity of 7 mi./sec. The thermal energy at this speed is 15,180 calories. Hence the proposition appears to be basically impossible."

—A. W. Bickerton, famous British scientist, 1926

(Courtesy of Messrs. Chapin Leinbach and William E. Jackman of the Air Transport Association, via Aviation Week & Space Technology*—and we're not pretending it's a disinterested selection.)*

and Chile are antisemitic? No, according to ADL. Because the Jews in Chile, like the Jews in Cuba, are "middle class" and thus subject to economic persecution in Marxist and Communist states. There may be a lesson there, somewhere, for the ADL, for years and years a habitual backer of socialist trends in capitalist, non-totalitarian America.

■ Coups à la Carte: A fascinating month internationally. Military leaders in Turkey send a memorandum to Premier Suleyman Demirel suggesting he get lost, and he does, and the president appoints a new premier who seems (thus far) to be acceptable to all parties. The president of Pakistan sits under heavy guard in East Pakistan (for his own protection) and discusses the desire of many East Pakistanis for independence. There's not much he can do about it since there are one thousand miles of Indian territory between East and West Pakistan and just now, on account of a skyjacking incident, India won't allow Pakistani airliners to fly over her territory. But the talks continue. The president of Argentina, a general, tells his army commander to vamoose; the commander, Augustin Lanusse, makes a couple of phone calls to pals, the head of the air force and the navy, and the president is last seen packing his bags in the Pink House and calling Air Argentina for a reservation out. Terrorists in Ulster shoot three young British soldiers and in the ensuing uproar moderate Protestant Premier James Chichester-Clark resigns to be replaced by moderate Protestant Brian Faulkner. In Australia, it comes to a tie in a party vote of confidence, so Prime Minister John Gorton votes against himself and is next seen as defense minister in the cabinet of his rival and successor. As coups and revolutions go, all very civilized.

■ It takes the average family a year to earn $10,000. It takes the Federal Government about 36 seconds to spend $10,000 on paperwork, 15 seconds to spend $10,000 for interest on the national debt, and 3 seconds to spend $10,000 on social welfare. And speaking of the Federal Government, it takes.

■ This is the way the world ends, not with a bang, but a bill for $76.40—due NOW. Enterprising chaps, the lads down at Sam's Café in swinging San Francisco by the Bay. They sent out thousands of such bills the other day, driving hundreds of terrified San Franciscans to their telephones to call the newspapers, television stations and mother. One ninety-year-old man was reported to have suffered a heart seizure while complaining about the bill he'd received. Well, have you looked at *your* Master-Filch bill lately? How's to tell a real bill from the friendly folks at the Hock-Your-Life-A-Card from a phony one from Sam's? Ho ho, twenty thousand nervous San Franciscans learned in a few days; 'twas all a joke, a "happening" (again), a "picture of the coming flood, merely a taste of destruction," said the news release put out by "Sam's Collection Agency." Sam et al. scheduled a news conference at the First Unitarian Church, which the Church cancelled when it investigated the matter. "Sam's Café cashes in on Christ" was one of the devilishly clever placards which the latter-day Robin Hoods had prepared for the news conference, accompanied by a rambling tract telling how the Lord had commanded Sam's Café to "go into the mass media and sound the trumpet of the Lord." Doesn't make sense, you protest. When were you last in San Francisco?

■ *Bowing to pressure from the Italian-American Civil*

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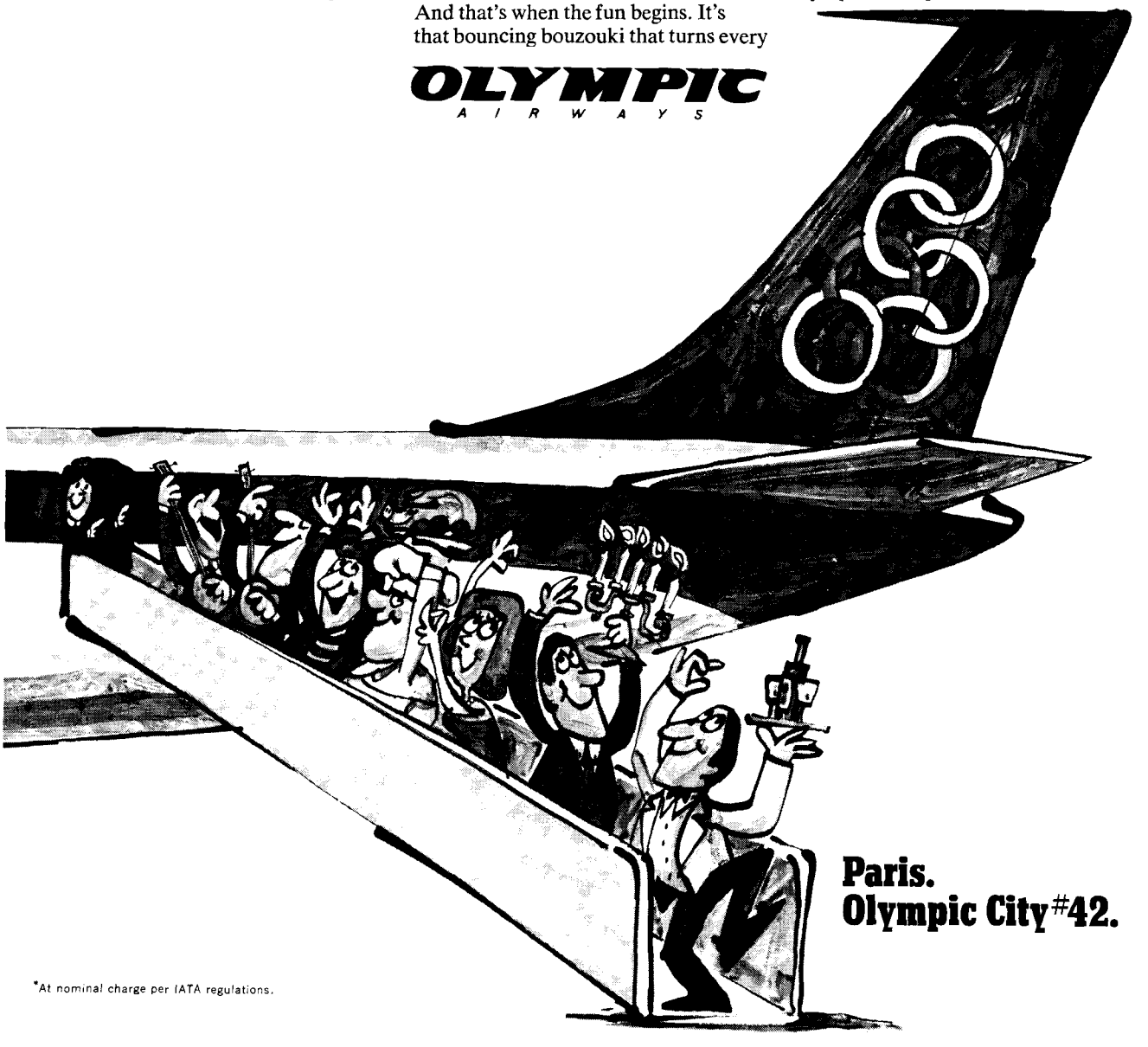

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INGERSOLL

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Rights League, Paramount Pictures has agreed to omit from its film version of Mario Puzo's The Godfather *all use of the terms "Mafia" and "Cosa Nostra." The Italian names of characters will, however, be retained.*
—News Item

SCENE: A private upstairs dining room in Mamma Morelli's Chinese Restaurant. Several bulky, grey-jowled men are seated around a table, fondling knives and machine guns.

ALFONSO: *Achtung!* Meeting vill come to order! *Das schweinhund* Big Joe ist on our turf ingemuscling. Ottaviano—*du hast* an idea, *ja*?

OTTAVIANO (swallowing): Mmm, love dat soul food! Yeah man, I think we oughta ice dat motha, sho-nuff. Dig it, Angelo?

ANGELO: *Mes amis*, it is zat he must take ze long walk off ze short pier, wearing *des bottes de ciment*, yes? Pass ze goulash, Mario, *s'il vous plaît.*

MARIO: You should eat it in good healt'. Tventy years I am a member of *unser shtick*, never did I see such a *schlemazel*! Taking over poor Alberto's string of Svedish massage parlors— *oi weh*, such a noive he's got! Pess de enchiladas.

ALBERTO: Sure an' begorra, and it's a catastrophe. Gimme the worrd, boys, and I'll be pulverizin' him wid me shillelagh. (Slams bottle of Sake on the table.) Okay, Papa Benito?

P. BENITO (after long, thoughtful pause): Mamma mia, 'atsa spicy meat-a-ball!

■ Relevant. RELEVANT. RELEVANT. RELEVANT. relevantrelevantrelevantrelevant. RELEVANCY. RELEVANTISM. RELEVANTESQUE. Relevant. Relevant. R*E*L*E*V*A*N*T. Relevant. Relevant. Ummmmmmmmmmm; feels so *goooooooooooooooood*.

Laos: Plus and Minus

A funny thing happened on the way back from Laos. When ARVN was moving in, you got hardly a peep from the media about how a successful hop or thrust at this point and that had resulted in the setting up of an effective "fire base" (the in-word of the Laos campaign). There was never any mention of a "victory" in "taking" fire base umpty-ump. Nor was there much reason to carry on much about them: a fire base, as we understand it, is no great shakes—merely a temporary position where some men and firepower are placed for tactical purposes. But when ARVN started moving back, suddenly the evacuation of fire base 7 or 11 or whatnot was lifted to the significance of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Fire base 13 abandoned: ah, Cannae! ah, Stalingrad!

It will not be possible to audit the books on the Laos operation for some time to come, when we will be able to assess its effect on the Southeast Asian struggle as a whole. It is ridiculous to pronounce it a heavy defeat because the North Vietnamese army was not wiped out and the South Vietnamese didn't settle down permanently athwart the Ho Chi Minh Trail. No one ever supposed the North Vietnamese army was going to be wiped out or that the South Vietnamese would settle permanently. And it would be hard to define what a clear-cut victory in an operation of this sort would have meant. The objectives were more complex and more subtly graded.

This much seems plain on the plus side: The movement of enemy supplies to South Vietnam has been badly disrupted, supply dumps destroyed, and enormous quantities that might otherwise have gone south used up in the fighting. The enemy suffered many casualties, thus seriously weakening his potential for beefing up his forces to the south. The possibility of a major enemy offensive in South Vietnam has been reduced or even excluded at least for months and perhaps for a year or more. The chances for a more or less orderly South Vietnam election this fall are improved. The conditions for strengthening South Vietnam militarily and politically are improved for the next period.

On the negative: The South Vietnamese army maneuvered and fought, but not so well as we would have hoped or as well as a successful conclusion to the Vietnamization policy requires. ARVN showed itself far too dependent on the American support. ARVN's pilots were evidently weak in their helicopter operations. ARVN, too, suffered grievous casualties.

The plus column would seem to have it on net. But perhaps an even clearer indication of relative success is given by notice to what has been happening in Southeast Asia outside of southern Laos during the six weeks of this operation. Cambodia (which the media told us ten months ago would fall to the Communists in at most weeks after our troops withdrew): no news. South Vietnam: no news. That silence was the best proof of how much the Laos action, by compelling the enemy to concentrate and waste his forces at the place of our choosing, had furthered our objective of winding down the war in South Vietnam.

The Uses of Kissinger

When Senator Stuart Symington rose recently on the Senate floor to complain that Presidential adviser Henry Kissinger plays a "unique and unprecedentedly authoritative role in shaping U.S. foreign policy," and then was supported instantly by Senator J. William Fulbright, a long-gathering attack upon Kissinger achieved its maximum visibility. Though the fact will seem bizarre to students of his sober works on foreign policy, a concerted campaign has been pressed during the past six to eight months to recreate Kissinger as a sinister presence, a Rasputin: an inviting target for anti-Administration animus.

Why Kissinger? As a *pis aller*, for Nixon himself has proved to be almost useless as such a symbol. Unlike Bobby Kennedy or LBJ, Nixon does not much arouse the passions of the Beast, pro or con. He therefore is not

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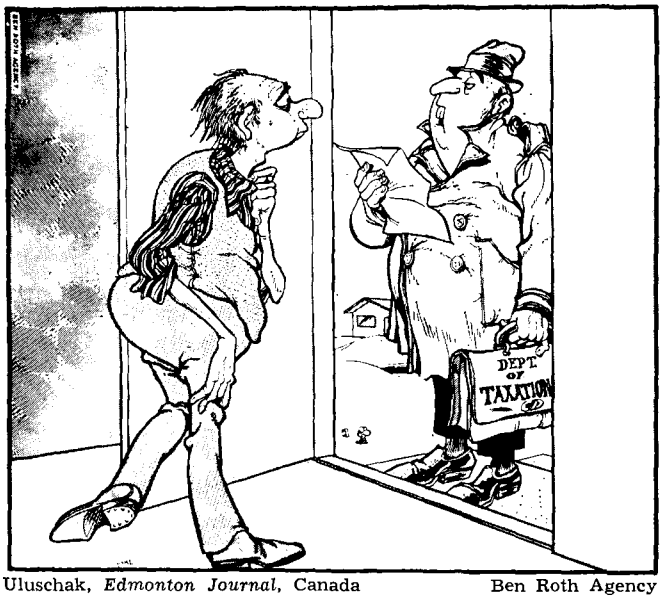

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada — Ben Roth Agency

"Did you fill out this tax return by yourself or did you have an accomplice?"

available as a personally felt symbol of his policies. But could he not, even as Kissinger, be recreated, "projected" as such a symbol? No, Nixon has been around for a quarter of a century, people feel they know him reasonably well, and they will not believe you if you tell them that Nixon is actually Genghis Khan or Adolf Eichmann. Therefore the less familiar features of Kissinger must be retouched a bit, made to suggest a Svengali or a Strangelove or, just a little, an Elder of Zion.

And so we turn to Joseph Kraft in the January *Harper's*—good old Willie Morris, he had a nose for things—and, lo, Kraft finds in Kissinger's "refugee background" and "marked accent" an alarming reminiscence of Dr. Strangelove himself, never mind the fact that Kissinger served on *our* side in World War II. As Kraft applies his brush strokes, alarming signs abound. Kissinger, we hear, is "suspicious," "secretive," and when he jokes about his "paranoia," why, that is a dead giveaway.

In no serious effort of this sort is James Reston ever far behind, but his genius is to take the High Road. So, he begins with an informative account of foreign-policy decision-making in the White House, gives a prose version of one of those charts with all the little squares and lines, and when you have just about gone to sleep he delivers the goods: Nixon, through Kissinger, "has actually centralized more power under the White House umbrella than any other Chief Executive in this century." Which, naturally, terrifies that lifetime advocate of decentralized government, James Reston. Joseph C. Harsch doesn't mince words: The upshot of it all is that we are well on the way to "one-man rule," with Kissinger in the role of Svengali. And if you don't think the *Times* weighed in here you haven't, lo these many years, learned much about American politics. "A coup d'état could hardly deprive the people's elected representatives more completely of their constitutional powers than this gradual process . . ."

Down in the purlieus of Grub Street and Gin Lane, where Popeian Dunces take turns diving into the mud of Fleet Ditch, the *Village Voice* came up with Noel E. Parmentel Jr., who perpetuated a two-part piece attacking Kissinger for being a) Jewish, b) German and c) a social climber, evidence for this last not presented. Kissinger is a Strangelove, a von Papen, a "Teutonic Iago" (thus making Nixon Othello: Quick! Phone Panther GHQ). Kissinger is "more Sammy Glick than Metternich." Down, down, back into Fleet Ditch.

The attack takes various forms: cartoons showing Kissinger with his feet on the President's desk. Noisy resignations by leftist academics whom Kissinger was naïve enough to keep on from the outgoing Democratic Administration. Snide stuff from Harvard: Henry is so, ah, "abstract."

This is all for external consumption. The target they are really out to destroy is not Henry Kissinger but Richard Nixon, and the firm and consistent policy he has pursued in Southeast Asia.

More of the Same?

Earlier this month, in an 8 to 0 decision, the Supreme Court ruled that an employer cannot use intelligence tests that tend to screen out Negroes unless the tests can be shown to relate directly to the job in question. The case that gave rise to this decision shows how slippery the issues here actually are. Thirteen Negro manual laborers at the Duke Power Company's installation at Dan River, N.C. desired to be promoted to jobs as coal miners. The company administered a standard intelligence test containing such questions as "Does B.C. mean Before Christ?" and "Do 'adopt' and 'adept' have the same meanings?" "What Congress has commanded," said Chief Justice Warren Burger, "is that any tests used must measure the person for the job and not the person in the abstract. . . . If an employment practice which operates to exclude Negroes cannot be shown to be related to job performance, the practice is prohibited."

The Court thus gave a broad interpretation to Title 7 of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, but an exceedingly narrow one to job qualifications. The employer argued, for example, that the purpose of the tests was to upgrade its personnel in view of the increasingly complicated machinery it is using. Could it not be legitimately argued that an individual so out of touch with the surrounding reality that he does not know the meaning of B.C. and cannot distinguish between simple words is clearly unfit to deal with complex and perhaps dangerous machinery? And what can the Chief Justice mean by "measuring the person in the abstract" as distinguished from "measuring the person for the job"? All sorts of factors, including such things as the ability to get to work on time, attention span, capacity to maintain personal schedules and so on can bear on the question of job qualification. Despite a number of commendable decisions in recent months, the Burger Court has not fully divested itself of the metaphysical and sociological sophistries bequeathed it by its predecessor.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

When word of the defeat of SST by the House reached the Department of Transportation, two aides to Secretary John Volpe ran puffing down the hall into the boss' office with the bad news. There was a brief pause, then an explosion: "What kind of information am I getting? We were supposed to win by twenty votes."

Many Administration allies had known SST would lose on the day before the vote, but the White House itself and Volpe's office both believed that there were enough votes to carry the big plane. And certainly no one expected it to lose in the House. When the White House is surprised by an important House vote, its information is poor indeed.

Some sources attributed the defeat to overconfidence induced by apparent switches to support of the plane by such key Democratic senators as Hubert Humphrey, reportedly wooed to the SST by AFL-CIO President George Meany. But when it came to the nitty-gritty of the actual vote, Humphrey, like every other Democratic Presidential candidate, voted against SST.

■ The vote to eliminate funds for SST was instructive in demonstrating some of the reasons usually strong Administration supporters back off in a crisis. The three Virginia Republicans who voted to cut SST funds are a case in point.

Richard Poff from the Roanoke-Lynchburg area rode in on the Eisenhower landslide in the Fifties, has no re-election problems, and often runs without a Democratic opponent. But Poff is a leading candidate for the next Supreme Court vacancy and apparently believes that a "wrong" vote on an ecology-related issue like the SST would hurt him.

Conservative Joel Broyhill represents the Washington suburbs of northern Virginia and his vote against SST was perhaps a bigger surprise than Poff's. But big planes pass in droves over Broyhill's district, which is on the landing path for both Dulles and National airports. The constituents living under the big planes are complaining already about the noise and are not eager to have another big boom added. Broyhill's situation is duplicated all across the nation—numerous congressmen have been under greater pressure from constituents living near airports than from plane manufacturers.

Southwest Virginia Republican William Wampler represents a rural district. The people of Appalachia do not see the visible benefits of technology very fast, and many of them view a big government contribution to SST as a bad deal for themselves. Wampler's rural constituency, Broyhill's urban one, and Congressman Poff's desire to make the right record in a recorded vote are a fairly representative group of reasons the SST lost its big vote in the House.

■ Speculation grows among Republicans that the President will not seek a second term. Many GOP insiders believe that Nixon is more vulnerable than at any time during his Presidency, and attribute the upswing in speculation about his withdrawing from the 1972 race to an awareness by the President of a malaise in the mood of the country. No Republican has more active antennae than the President himself, and these antennae are now reporting significant disaffection among large segments of the voting public.

Should Nixon withdraw, the prime Republican candidate is Nelson Rockefeller, now suddenly a harder-liner than once he was on such subjects as welfare. Rockefeller, steadily moving right, might just be able to pick up enough support to get the kind of conservative backing he has never before been able to marshal. And he might be able to carry New York State, which Nixon probably cannot do. Rockefeller would be particularly strong in the off-chance that the Democrats nominate John Lindsay, whose reputation grows as one gets farther from New York City.

Countering the argument that the President will decide not to make the 1972 race is the flurry of activity going on in the White House. Administration lobbyists are active as never before on behalf of revenue sharing and a dozen other projects. The question that presents itself is this: Would a President who is thinking seriously of stepping down be trying so hard? —CATO

Education on the Installment Plan

Yale and Duke Universities have been joined by Ohio's public colleges in proposing deferred tuition plans under which a student may pay for his tuition in easy installments when he goes to work after graduation, instead of while he is in the classroom. The concept is promising, and deserves more general consideration. On the one hand, such plans will permit otherwise qualified students with too little money, to attend the colleges of their choice. On the other, they can help relieve the public of the burden of paying taxes to finance the education of those who are or will be financially better off than many of the taxpayers. The person who gets the benefit will be the one who pays for it. Actually, this deferred tuition idea is an adaptation to the education market of the good old American custom of installment buying.

Curiously, the Chancellor of Ohio's Board of Regents is against the state's plan and claims the Ohio educators almost unanimously oppose it. They contend that it is unfair to increase the burden which the young already will have to carry in their later years. The argument deserves attention because it would apply also to one of the chief fund-raising techniques of municipalities, namely, municipal bonds. The justification for the bonds is that because, whatever benefit is secured from the bonds accrues in years to come, payment should also be made at that time, and by the people benefited. But education, like the town sewer, is also of continuing benefit, and deferred tuition, like financing with municipal bonds, is simply "pay as you go."

Those skeptical of the tuition plans forget that *someone* has to pay. Either tuition is charged, in which case many students are precluded from attending private colleges at all or the private college of their choice, or no tuition is charged (and in modern jargon the education is then called "free") in which case the taxpayer foots the bill (someone, remember, must pay) and you have the uneasy situation of the poor supporting the rich. Sure, we all benefit—albeit indirectly—from the education, but then we also benefit, however indirectly, from, for example, the books and magazines people read (hence the First Amendment?) and from the travelings

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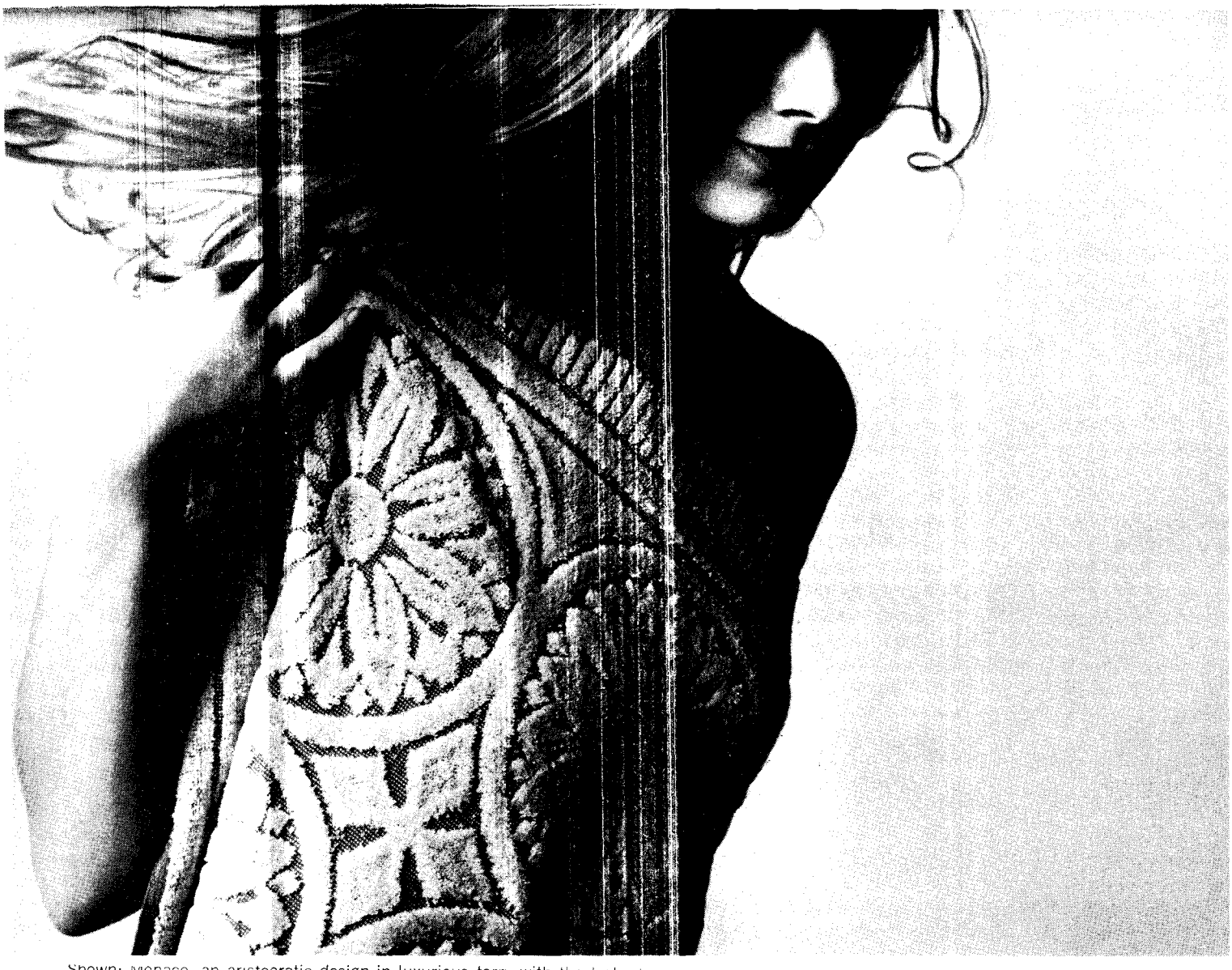

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of businessmen. Should they also be "free"? Deferred tuition in public and private colleges looks like a step toward fiscal sanity and greater freedom of choice and will, we hope, become one of the facts of college life.

Ralph Nader, Where Are You?

What do you do if you are an American businessman and Congress suddenly abolishes price controls over your most important raw material? If you own a Savings and Loan Association, and the raw material is savings deposits, your first step is to urge the government to reimpose the controls. That is the conclusion that must be drawn from the reactions to the congressional failure, last month, to renew the legislation enabling the monetary authorities to fix maximum rates offered to depositors. Your second step is to warn all fellow Savings and Loan owners not to raise their prevailing deposit rates (in a competitive bid for more deposits) if they wish to avoid the wrath of the Savings and Loan central trade organization. In this valiant Defense of Free Enterprise (cf. the next meeting of the local Chamber of Commerce), the Savings and Loan owners are being openly egged on by the protecting Big Brother, in their case the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. Meanwhile, one may wonder, who is looking after John Doe, who supplies the deposits?

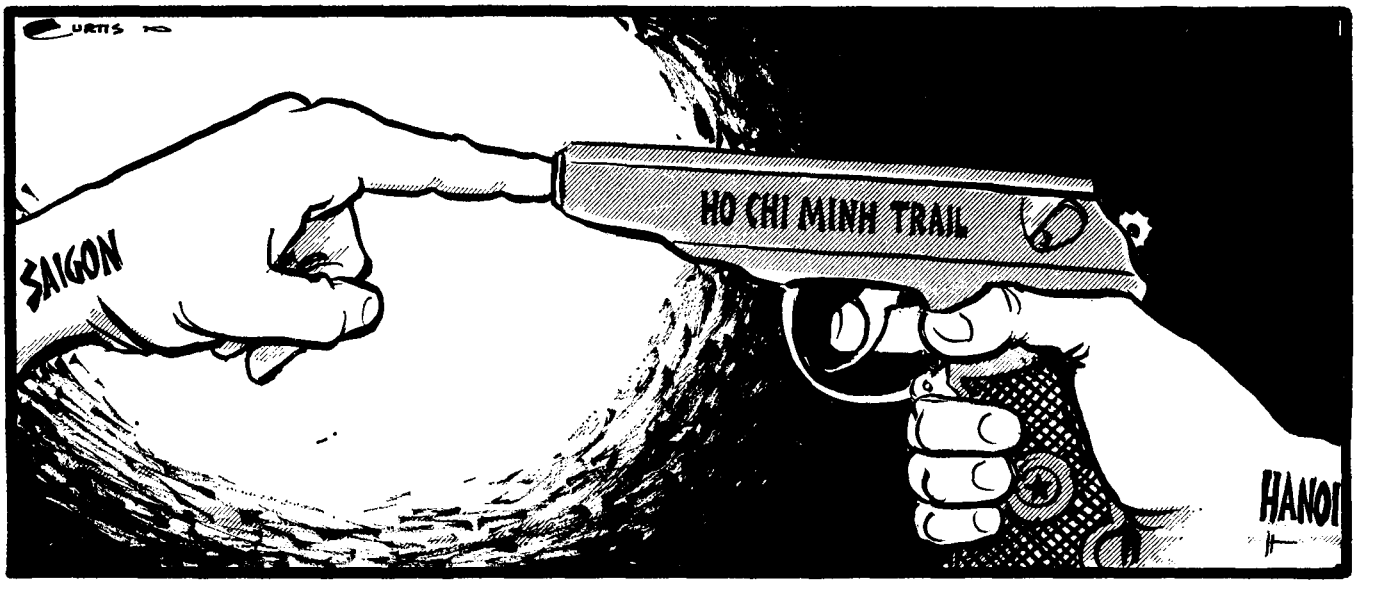
The Savings and Loan associations are a classic example of what happens when an industry lives an artificial existence for years in a government-built hot house. The chill and stimulating winds of competition blew the door open once before, in 1966, but Congress quickly passed a bill that enabled the Home Loan Bank Board to fix the maximum S & L deposit rates in coordination with the Federal Reserve Board's control over rates paid by commercial banks. The most noteworthy result of this price-fixing deal was a massive withdrawal of funds from *both* the Savings and Loan associations *and* the commercial banks in 1969—not least among the causes of the monetary squeeze that bruised and nearly wrecked the economy. Predictably, however, both were once again bailed out by their respective regulators when the going got rough.

We wonder, sometimes, where Ralph Nader stands on this sort of thing. It is very easy to fasten onto an unregulated industry, dominated by a handful of monolithic, sluggish firms, to point an accusing finger at a few examples of bureaucratic business stupidity, and then to call loudly for government intervention. But it seems terribly difficult for Mr. Nader and his colleagues to focus on groups such as the Savings and Loan associations and their trade organizations, which constitute one of the most blatant of all price-fixing lobbies. Perhaps the reason for Mr. Nader's reluctance to get involved is the fact that the obvious direction in which to push is for less government regulation, not more. And that just couldn't make sense, could it?

Not What They Say But What They Do

Four weeks ago NATIONAL REVIEW published Charles Benson's analysis of the present relationship between the Soviet Union and the United States in strategic power, and his proposals for a drastic shift in U.S. strategic policy ("Deterrence through Defense," March 9). In this issue we publish correspondence from our readers concerning the article and a column by Frank Meyer on the subject. Reprints are now available.

In rapid succession during the past four weeks a variety of statements by leading officials in the Pentagon and the Administration—notably Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, Joint Chiefs Chairman Admiral Thomas Moorer, Senator Henry Jackson and, in the course of discussion of other topics, President Nixon—have con-



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firmed a number of key premises in Mr. Benson's analysis and have at the very least not ruled out his projections of trends and consequences. All these thoroughly informed persons agree that: a) the Soviet Union has vastly expanded its force of ICBMs, especially those with very powerful warheads, and missile-armed submarines in recent years, while we have been standing still in ICBMs and shuffling slowly in submarines; b) the Soviet buildup continues, though the rate alters from time to time for reasons not altogether understood; c) the Soviet strategic force already greatly exceeds ours in total megatonnage of deployed weapons; d) we have already lost the clear-cut strategic superiority we enjoyed from the beginning of the nuclear era, and the Soviet Union will soon have strategic superiority; e) the nature of the developing Soviet strategic force and its indicative trends make it possible that Moscow may achieve, before long, a first-strike capability—i.e., the capability of initiating a strike so massive that it would destroy our capability of meaningful retaliation.

All this is to be found in the statements made over these past weeks by those who presumably know what they are talking about. But none of them, so far, has ventured to say what, if it is all so, we are going to do about it.

Three, Four, Many Parties?

Although the third-party impulse is endemic in American politics, such deviations from the two-party system are rarely successful, not insignificantly because the two-party system has worked so well over the years. However, the progress of New York's Conservative Party, with its spectacular success last year in electing James L. Buckley to the Senate, has tended to revive third-party dreams and hopes, even though the special political environment of New York is generally recognized. Conservatives in Michigan, Massachusetts and several other states have begun rethinking the chances of successful third-party ventures. At the moment, the newly formed Conservative Party of Massachusetts appears to be the most serious of these movements.

The chairman of the Massachusetts organization is Colonel John J. McCarthy, former Commissioner of Administration and Finance under Governor (now Secretary of Transportation) John A. Volpe. McCarthy challenged liberal Josiah Spaulding for the Republican nomination for the Senate last summer, doing surprisingly well on a limited budget. McCarthy's loss not only did not dampen the enthusiasm of Massachusetts conservative Republicans, it actually encouraged them to create a more permanent vehicle for the expression of their views. Aiding McCarthy are several leading Bay State Republicans, including J. Laurence McCarty, treasurer of the American Conservative Union, and J. Alan MacKay, former national chairman of YAF. The local media immediately swung into the familiar routine—"Conservatives To Be Spoilers," "Brooke Is the Target" and the like—but many Republican (and a few Democratic) city, town, county and state officials took the new party seriously enough to make inquiries about joining it—off the record so far, to be sure. At present, a preponderance of the embryo party's leadership is responsible, with what seems to be a sober program of building strength at the local level, fielding candidates both locally this year and statewide in 1972 and thereafter. The erratic wing is a small minority in the initiating group, which has officially declared its unwillingness to encompass racists, extremists or Wallaceites. (The last have their own party in Massachusetts.)

It is too early to assess the prospects of these Massachusetts conservatives, or what effect they may have on that state's politics. Already, though, the very liberal Senator Brooke and Governor Sargent have begun sweating a little at the likelihood of third-party races beginning in 1972, when Mr. Brooke comes up for re-election.

It Happened in Boston. Of Course.

Hello. Aunt Agnes? Me. Well, you'll never believe who came to Boston the other day. C'mon, guess. No, not John Gardner; he's always here for something. Spiro! That's right, the Vice President. Of the United States. Spiro Who; right. They didn't want him here last fall. Who? The Republican governor and the other Republicans running for, well, this and that. Well, Aunt Agnes, it was something else. Senator Brooke actually got on that little old plane in Washington and flew right up to Boston with the Vice President. And Governor Sargent—yes, we know he's not *really* a Republican, but he *says* he is—anyhow, the Governor met Agnew at the airport. And sat next to him at dinner. Oh, Aunt Agnes, it was grand. There was Spiro socking it to 'em—all right, all right, I know you can't stand those expressions; I'll start again. There was Mr. Agnew attacking the media. What? MEDIA. TV. You know. Especially CBS. Why? CBS has these specials, you see, like *Hunger in America* and *The Selling of the Pentagon*, and they distort things. What? They *distort* the news, they're biased. BIASED. And Mr. Agnew told them so, right here in *Boston*, which hasn't seen a real Republican since Coolidge was governor. And you should have seen the audience. They went wild; they were just ecstatic.

Not everybody of course. I said, NOT EVERYBODY OF COURSE, Aunt Agnes. Outside, carrying on, you know who they are; like about four thousand screaming kids, throwing bricks, hitting policemen, attacking Agnew for being violent. What? Yes, Aunt Agnes, I *know* he was just inside talking at a dinner and they were outside being violent, but that's how the kids attack violence. Land sakes, Aunt Agnes, everybody does it nowadays. But that wasn't all. Right in the same hotel where Spiro

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was showing how CBS fiddles with the news to make it turn out the way CBS sees things, the Ripon Society—I said the RIPON SOCIETY—can't you get that phone fixed? —the Ripon Society was having an anti-Agnew teach-in. TEACH-IN. Yes. Teach-in. They had lots of disgruntled "Republicans" carrying on about President Nixon and grumbling about Spiro Agnew. Why were they having the anti-Agnew teach-in *before* they heard what Mr. Agnew had to say? Aunty, I told you: this was the *Ripon Society*, Representative Paul McCloskey of California, the one who lets everybody know what a daring war hero he was, *that* McCloskey. Anyhow, McCloskey was telling the President to run out of Vietnam by Friday at the latest or else he'd challenge Nixon in the primaries. Oh, I agree; of course McCloskey's a patsy for Mayor Lindsay. But the point is—I said, THE POINT IS that while the kids were outside tearing up the city to show how much they love peace, and the Ripon Society was in the hotel showing how to tear up the Republican Party, the Vice President was showing how the media messes up the news. No, Aunt Agnes, I have NOT had too much brandy. I tell you, *it happened*—in *Boston*. I'll send you the clippings. Best to Uncle Ted.

Thomas E. Dewey, RIP

For a whole generation of American lawyers, he was the paradigm: the small-town Michigan farm boy who came East to study law at Columbia and practice on Wall Street, then hit the big-time as a special rackets prosecutor and moved into the main arena as governor of New York and twice the Republican nominee for the Presidency of the United States. When the big prize eluded him he returned to private law practice as the senior partner of one of Wall Street's most distinguished firms, and there continued until a heart attack felled him unexpectedly two weeks ago at the age of sixty-eight.

For Republicans high and low, his was once a name to conjure with. He was the first Republican to come along, after the vast initial success and shattering second electoral triumph of FDR, who had the personality and vigor to be a plausible candidate for anything. By 1942—only ten years after Roosevelt's accession to the Presidency—Tom Dewey had returned the governorship of Roosevelt's own state to Republican hands. Small wonder that the national GOP, in 1944 and 1948, looked to him as a savior. Perhaps it can be said, in a very general sense, that Dewey and his national allies in the GOP represented the party's liberal wing, in contrast to the forces ranged behind his great rival, Robert Taft. But there is little point in saying it, for Dewey's brand of liberalism would strike most conservatives today as a sort of Custer's Last Stand for the principles they believe in.

For political scientists and historians, Dewey may ultimately come to be regarded as a classic example of the Spurned Opportunity. It was Walter Lippmann, of all people, who remarked some years ago that Dewey's defeat by Harry Truman was one of the American people's great mistakes. After sixteen years of the New Deal and the Fair Deal, the Republican Party in 1948 was full of new blood, ready for victory and superbly equipped to govern the country. Dewey's administration as governor of New York had been a seldom-equaled model of its kind; his personal circle swarmed with able men like John Foster Dulles and Herbert Brownell, aching to serve under him. When the voters picked Truman instead, something snapped deep in the heart of the GOP: Evidently sheer ability wasn't going to be enough.

For the American people as a whole, Dewey seems to have been just a little too competent to be wholly likable: too smart, too able, too articulate, too sure of himself—rather like the kid in the next block whose hair you always yearned to muss. So they passed him over. It was a bitter blow to Dewey, whose life had seemed preordained to issue in the crowning triumph of the Presidency. But dignity in defeat was yet another of his many assets, and it was his constant companion in the 22 busy years that remained to him. The reporters who covered his funeral remarked that the mourners seemed to be mostly older people; and it was bound to be so. After all, who under 35 today can remember the years when he was a major factor in our national politics? And so it seems that the name of Thomas E. Dewey shall be inscribed at last, not—as it so easily might have been—in the roll of fame, but in the honored annals of excellence.

—WAR

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

On a recent *Firing Line* television show, a student said that in a speech at his high school I "began by telling everyone that the youth of America would destroy Western civilization by their drug culture" and that this "turned off the kids."

For the record (as completely documented by the attached article on the speech in a local newspaper):

1. The talk was to an adult audience—not the student body. There were only four (4) students present, at least two of whom, I learned, were far-out radicals.

2. He misquoted me. My warning was that we might see the end of our civilization if we ignore the dangerous inroads among our youth of the subculture—which includes, but is not solely based on, drugs.

3. I "emphasized" that those causing my concern are still only a "minority segment of today's youth" and even suggested the possibility that none of the students at that particular school is involved. I also placed full blame for the problem on adults, not the young people.

Incidentally, he also said that I spoke for a low fee, and indicated that this was my normal charge. As a favor to friends at the school, only ten minutes from my home, I gave the talk for *their* allotted speaker's fee. My normal

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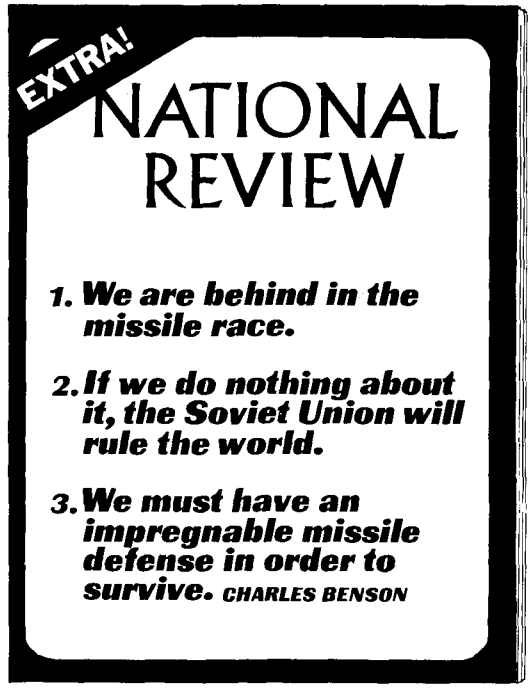
"This may be the most important article National Review has ever published." —Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

ARE OUR DEFENSES WEAK?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NATIONAL REVIEW
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2. If we do nothing about it, the Soviet Union will rule the world.
3. We must have an impregnable missile defense in order to survive. CHARLES BENSON

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charge is considerably higher—and I already have to turn down enough requests for low-paying speeches without his invitation on national TV for more of them.

Thanks for your kind words about me on the show.

Sincerely,
Charles W. Wiley

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My good man, I have most definitely been let down. I refer to your February 9 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. The omission of "Notes and Asides" is a completely unsatisfactory situation (especially since it's the first thing I read upon receipt of each issue). Anyway, it was a definite slip-up on your part, and I hope I never have the traumatic experience of its exclusion again. Yours,

S P/4 K H Rickert
HQ & ACO 12 C MT BN
APO NY 09068

El Escorial, Spain

■ Dear Uncle Bill:

My guess it that you will have heard about what my mother did to that woman last Wednesday. My father told us on the phone that it caused quite a stir. Poor mother. I think that the last thing she would want to do would be to get up and strike that woman. What comes to my mind is that if what that woman was saying was bad enough to make my mother mad enough to get up and slap her, I hope she slapped her hard.

Love,
Michael [Bozell]

—*Excerpts from remarks by Ti-Grace Atkinson at Notre Dame.* "I don't have any time for s--- tonight. [The] church's chief source of income today is women's vaginas. [It would have been better if] the virgin had been knocked up. The Women's Movement will take responsibility for [the church's] destruction, because the motherf----- belongs to us."

—*Excerpts from statement by Mrs. Patricia Buckley Bozell, to the press, March 12.* "I have been brought up to believe that intolerance of blasphemy is a Christian duty. The fact that I was attending the meeting as a reporter forced me to choose, when she began her defamation, between my responsibilities as a member of the press and my responsibilities as a Catholic. The choice was spontaneous, instant and easy."

—Dear Bill: . . . The publicity around here is really remarkable. Over one thousand letters, for instance. I haven't read them yet—glanced through some dozen only—but it intrigues me as to what caught the imagination of the public. Are there some things *really* still holy? When things calm down I will go through them and see if I come up with an answer.

All love,
Trish [Patricia Bozell]

P.S. A book called *Sacramentum Verbi*: an encyclopedia of biblical theology edited by J. B. Bauer (quite liberal, by the way) says (page 68): "The New Testament considers as blasphemy words and ways of acting which injure the holiness, majesty and honor of God. These can be directed either immediately against God, against His name, His word, His law, or His angels." And again: "Blasphemy is a transgression which deserves death and is punished either by human judges or by God Himself for the most severe penalties (burning, extermination)." So . . . Ti-Grace got off easily!!

—"The higher the stakes, the greater the temptation to lose your temper. We must not overvalue the relative harmlessness of the little, sensual, frivolous people. They are not above, but below, some temptations. If they had perceived, and felt as a man should feel, the diabolical wickedness which they were committing and then forgiven . . . they would have been saints. But not to perceive it at all—not even to be tempted to resentment—to accept it as the most ordinary thing in the world—argues a terrifying insensibility. Thus the absence of anger, especially that sort of anger which we call indignation, can in my opinion be a most alarming symptom. And the presence of indignation may be a good one. Even when that indignation passes into bitter personal vindictiveness, it may still be a good symptom, though bad in itself. It is a sin; but it at least shows those who commit it have not sunk below the level at which the temptation for that sin exists—just as the sins (often quite appalling) of the great patriot or great reformer point to something in him above mere self. If the Jews cursed more bitterly than the Pagans, this was, I think, at least in part because they took right and wrong more seriously."—C. S. Lewis *(as quoted by WFB in "On Experiencing Gore Vidal,"* Esquire, *August 1969).*

—WFB

Ghosts

The long ships sliding down the waves
From fjords and fens and smoky caves
Turned Europe pale.

Through Kattegat and Skagerrak
They roared across the sea to sack
The Celt and Gael.

Today, the lust for derring-do
Is understandably taboo
In Oslo fjord.

Instead of slaying Grendel's dam,
They're recognizing North Vietnam
Because they're bored.

W. H. VON DREELE

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SPECIAL REPORT

SST: Dead Duck or Phoenix?

JAMES BURNHAM

THE STAR WITNESS at this year's SST hearings was one James E. McDonald. It was he who suddenly discovered last autumn that the SST was going to give practically all of us skin cancer. Professor McDonald was last in the news a couple of years ago when he named flying saucers from other worlds as the guilty parties in the New York electric power failures.

This eleventh-hour frenzy over skin cancer is typical of the tactics of the anti-SST lobby. Its campaign has been based on the appeal to fear, above all to fear of the unknown. Reading month after month about all the horrors the SST was going to bring—cancer (hair-trigger of the fear reflex), birth defects, reduction of sunlight, miscarriages in humans and animals, deafened ears, shattering of ancient monuments, ecological disaster through increased average temperature, nervous breakdown from the boom—I often thought of those gorgeous fourteenth- and fifteenth-century maps through which men learned about the earth in Columbus' day. In the distant realms of Ocean far beyond the Pillars of Hercules, you can see, foaming and surging, the gigantic serpents, dragons and other monsters who would gobble up any mariner foolhardy enough to sail west to their watery lairs.

I do not suggest that we can at this moment dismiss all the horrors as impossible. Conceivably a fleet of five hundred SSTs zooming daily through the stratosphere might bring about one or more of them. Just as, from the point of view of fifteenth-century scientific knowledge, it was not inconceivable that those serpents and dragons actually *were* swimming around there at the edge of the world. If things had turned out that way, the Age of Discovery would doubtless have ended or at least been postponed, after the prototype-voyages of Columbus and John Cabot.

But no one is proposing that we should, here and now, commit ourselves to building an American SST fleet. The Kremlin has apparently decided to build a Russian SST fleet, and the London-Paris combine is in the process of deciding whether to build an Anglo-French SST fleet, so we're not going to have much choice on the skin-cancer front whatever we do, but the decision now before the nation is merely whether to complete the final stage of the SST research, development and test program by building two (2) prototype aircraft. And no one, not even Ralph Nader or Senator Proxmire, claims that two test models are going to have any effect one way or another on the global environment.

Why Not Find Out?

There is only one way to reduce the speculations about the SST to knowledge, and that is by building a couple of them and putting them through their paces.

The cost of this final test-phase is peanuts: $250 million net. The same House of Representatives that exorcised this niggling sum with bell, candle and the book of highfalutin' oratory about pollution and fiscal responsibility (at the time I write the Senate has not spoken) had a week before whooped through a $4-billion annual increase in Social Security payments without a single minute of committee hearings or floor debate. Well, there are a lot of votes in them there Social Security checks.

Suppose we ask ourselves: What do we stand to lose by the decision on the SST prototypes?

If we decide to build them and they prove the SST no good, then the only loss will be a relatively small sum of money. Even that will be compensated by useful knowledge and the attainment of a national consensus on this bitterly disputed issue.

If the SST is in fact viable but we cancel the prototypes now, and thus opt out of the SST project, then the loss will be many billions of dollars, plus grave injury to the dollar, plus abandonment of our leadership in commercial air transport and advanced technology more generally, plus the consequent weakening of the support structure for military defense.

No professional gambler would have trouble rating those odds.

If Congress turns a final thumbs down, does this mean the SST is a dead duck? Why couldn't private business put up the money if the SST is such a hot proposition? This last question troubles conservatives in Congress—though the core of the opposition is left-liberal.

All major air transport from the marvelous DC-3 on have been developed with mostly government money, though this has not been obvious because the civilian transport is customarily an adaptation of a plane produced for military purposes. Actually, private sources (manufacturers and airlines) are putting up more of the money for the 2707 than for past transports, and the government, under the royalty schedule, has for the first time a chance of recouping—with interest.

From the Ashes

More generally, the aerospace industry has always in all countries been either totally a government enterprise or closely tied in with government. There are several reasons for this, but the sufficient reason is the critical military role of aerospace, and the military necessity for maintaining a functioning aerospace industry "in being." (Naturally there will be applications of the 2707 to military purposes. *Already* what has been learned from SST development has saved hundreds of millions of dollars in developing the supersonic bomber.) Furthermore, there is the kind of risk and kind of need in the case of a new species of global air transport that doesn't come under older economic rules.

In the present weak condition of the general economy and much weaker condition of the aerospace industry it is hard to see how a full funding by normal nongovernmental processes is possible. Nevertheless, I cannot yet believe that my country is so far gone that it will crawl away whining from this SST challenge, even if a majority of its legislators do. Although normal private financing probably couldn't take over from here, a special consortium of our great banks and business corporations could handle it. Have they got the vision, and the guts, to do so? □

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COVER STORY

A modest proposal that we stop talking about conservation, and start doing something about it. As a first step, the author recommends taking the wilderness out of government hands, and turning it over to the people who care about it

Why Not Sell the National Parks?

EDWIN DOLAN

Get any good conservationist into a discussion on the subject of the Army Corps of Engineers, or the Department of Highways, and he will curse the incredible waste and corruption involved in the massive "federal giveaways" to lumbering, mining, grazing, hydroelectric and construction interests, and then curse them doubly again because he as a taxpayer has been forced not only to suffer from the results of these criminal actions, but actually to finance his own suffering.

If you really want to see some fireworks, however, take this same conservationist and ask him if his principles of good government and good economics apply to such projects as national parks and wilderness preservation programs. Ask him why it is, that, if justice requires motorists to pay for their own roads, hydroelectric firms to pay for their own dams, golfers to pay for their own golf courses, and gourmets to pay for their own escargots, lovers of the wilderness should not pay for their own wilderness, and campers for their own campsites? Why should the special interests of conservationists be subsidized by the taxes of nonconservationists?

The first gambit of the conservationist, in defending public financing of his favorite projects, is to argue that conservation and wilderness preservation are not special interests at all, but instead, the common interest of the whole population.

In fact, the opposite is clearly the case. Imagine that we took a random sample of the population and lined them up in front of us against a wall in order of strength of their enthusiasm for the wilderness. Toward the right end of the lineup, let us place the real hard-core conservation buffs. Among these might be included some of the twelve thousand rugged devotees who visited Rainbow Bridge in the first fifty years after its discovery, making the difficult trip up or down river, or 28 miles overland by horseback. Somewhat to the left of them would come the average backpacker whom one meets along sections of trail more (let us say) than five miles from the nearest road. Further toward the middle would be some of the hundreds of thousands who make a visit to some of our more developed and accessible parks for a weekend or two out of the year, those who appreciate the wilderness through the window of a car, or who are content with a modest state park near their homes. At the extreme left end of the scale we would locate those few who not only get no benefit from the wilderness, but view it with positive displeasure; those who look at a tree and think what a waste that it has not yet been turned into a lovely residence or a page of their favorite picture magazine.

The exact proportions of the people in different groups would be unimportant, as long as our sample reflected this reality: A few people who benefit enormously from our national parks, a great many who derive a moderate benefit, many more who gain no benefit, and a few who are positively upset at the thought of a tree looking at another tree.

If the tax burden is assumed to be distributed evenly over the members of this group, without respect for their position in the lineup, then it is clear that for any given wilderness preservation project, the individual share of the costs will outweigh the individual share of the benefits for all those to the left of a certain point on the scale. Government financing of such a project, then, serves only the interests of those to the right of this point.

The conservationists, however, are hardly willing to give up their fight simply because the benefits of the projects they propose are not distributed with exact mathematical equality among the entire population. Even conceding this point, they are able to return to the attack with a number of other reasons for including wilderness preservation among the activities receiving government subsidies.

One of the most frequently heard of these is the argument from irreversibility. Suppose, it is said, you cut down a stand of virgin redwood forest to make lumber, or dam a beautiful canyon to generate electricity. In a few years, the housing may have less value than you thought, or atomic power may make the dam obsolete, but no matter how much you regret your decision, the trees and canyon are gone forever. On the other hand, if you mistakenly reserve an area for a park, and if, in a few years, you find that interest in this particular park is less than you thought, or if a really pressing need for timber or power develops, you can easily reverse the decision. Therefore, the argument goes, if there is any doubt in the marginal cases of commercial development *v.* wilderness, it is best to play it safe and decide in favor of the latter.

The importance of the irreversibility argument as an excuse for government

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spending on wilderness preservation has been greatly exaggerated. First of all, it is simply not true that the destruction of wilderness areas is irreversible except in the narrow case where the value of an area lies in its virginity per se. Pure virgin wilderness, although important and extremely valuable, is only a part of the total land available for recreational use. (To anyone who has been to Vermont during the October foliage season, or visited the Smoky Mountains, an area in much better condition today than when it first became a park, Western conservationists, with their haughty contempt for second-growth woodland, will seem a bit narrow-minded.)

MANY CONSERVATIONISTS are extremely suspicious of the concept of wilderness restoration, because the idea has often been misused in support of the erroneous contention that our remaining virgin areas need not be handled with care. By refusing even to consider restoration where it is possible, however, I think they are in the long run doing themselves a disservice.

What about those areas, though, like the virgin sequoia and Douglas fir forests, where restoration is a genuine impossibility? For these areas, I think there is an element of truth in the irreversibility argument. Although on the average and in the long run, the market may provide a good guide for proper land use, in the short run, prices and interest rates are subject to frequent fluctuations. It would be a pity to base an irreversible decision on a rise in the price of timber or electric power, or on a change in the interest rate, when a few months later this condition might prove to be only temporary, and the decision might prove to be a mistake. This would be especially true if the change in market conditions reflected not any change in the tastes or preferences of the consumers, but merely manipulation of the money supply by the Federal Reserve Board, an imposition of new tariffs or quotas on wood products, or some other government intervention in the economy.

To the extent that the irreversibility argument is valid, it does seem that a maximum of procedural barriers and delays should be placed in the way of transferring certain sites from recreational to commercial use. However, it is far from clear that federal ownership and control of these wilderness areas is the best way to safeguard them. Indeed, it would seem that the worst situation of all would be one that now prevails for vast tracts of the most valuable federal land, where some administrator, at the stroke of a pen, can at any moment make the irreversible decision in question. Conservationists realize this, and hence have lobbied for legislation like the Wilderness Bill, which, in effect, requires that the stroke of the pen be made by Congress, not an administrative agency. This clearly is a help, since as we all know congressional decision-making is slow and replete with procedural delays.

But congressional decision-making is also subject to strong pressures from commercial and military interests. Would it not be safer if the *conservationists themselves* had control over these irreversible decisions, rather than relying on the whim of a bureaucrat or the treachery of a politician? If, let us say, the Sierra Club owned a certain forest tract, they would sell it to be logged only if they were pretty sure that the decision was a wise one—only if, for example, the price were high enough to allow purchase or improvement of a superior site elsewhere. Furthermore, if the conservationists really wanted to lock this site into use as a park, they could not only buy it, but write a covenant into the deed which would prevent its sale for commercial use even by future administrators of the Club itself.

Upon analysis, then, the irreversibility argument turns out to work not in favor of extending our national park system as it now exists, but of turning it into a system of private parks to provide better wilderness protection for the future.

As soon as the subject of selling the national parks to private organizations is raised, the conservationists come up with another set of arguments in favor of government action, which might be called the organization arguments.

COMMERCIAL INTERESTS, it is said, are concerned and well-organized, while conservation interests are ill-organized and diffuse. Thus the commercial interests would be able to raise the money to outbid the conservationists even if the latter might actually be able to make better use of the land. This argument can take several forms. Let us see if there is an element of truth in any of them.

The first form of the argument is that it would be impossible to organize park land on a private, self-liquidating basis, because a large share of the benefits of parks accrues to those who never visit them, in the form of "externalities" or "spillover effects." True, a fee could be collected from those who benefited directly from visiting the park, but there is no practical way to get the others to pay. They would act as "free riders," and the system would soon go bankrupt. Only if the park were financed by taxation would all of the beneficiaries be forced to contribute.

THE VALIDITY of this argument clearly depends on the nature and magnitude of the alleged spillover effects. How might we go about identifying and measuring these? As a concrete example, let us see whether I get any external benefits from Yosemite National Park, which I have never visited, and which, for purposes of the present discussion, let us say I never will.

For a start, we might try to identify these benefits with the sense of outrage which I would feel if I read one morning that the park had been converted into a test range for new defoliants for use in Vietnam. That would cause me sufficient pain, even, to mail off a large check to the Save Yosemite Committee, were it not for the fact that I, and others like me, would be tempted to "let George do it" and act as free riders. Or else we might say that the externality takes the form of the increased range of choice I have among parks, even though I won't ever choose to visit Yosemite itself. Or perhaps I can benefit from pictures which Ansel Adams takes there, although I never see the place with my own eyes. Or perhaps it is that the parks I do use are less crowded and the entrance fees are lower because Yosemite takes the pressure off.

This make an impressive list. It must be admitted by even the most skeptical that I would indeed be less well off were Yosemite to be despoiled. But does this list of "external effects" justify sub-

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sidizing the national park system? If it does, I submit, then subsidy of almost any good or service imaginable would also be justified, since effects like the above are present almost everywhere in the economy.

Take automobiles, for example. When, a few years ago, a change in federal safety standards threatened to take the good old Morgan off the market, I felt a definite sense of loss. I would even have sent in a check to the Save the Morgan Fund, but for the free rider problem. Do you think that sports car lovers were any less indignant about the Morgan than conservationists about Yosemite? Can you prove it? Likewise, I could claim to be benefited by the fact that the availability of Fords increases my range of choice in cars, even though I have never owned one and never will. It certainly is true that production of Fords does mean that the demand for Chevrolets is less than it otherwise would be, hence GM showrooms are less crowded and their prices are lower. Furthermore, I certainly benefit from the production of Ferraris and Maseratis—I don't remember ever seeing one of them on the street, but I have enjoyed looking at some really beautiful photographs. Do all these "external effects" mean that the Federal Government should subsidize automobile production?

Maybe the external benefits of national parks are quantitatively greater than those arising from automobile production, organized baseball or the production of women's clothing. Maybe the spillover damages of national parks to those who want cheap electricity, or cheap lumber, those who enjoy watching movies of lumberjacks and reading stories about hydroelectric engineers and so forth, are quantitatively very small. But the burden of quantitative proof lies with the conservationists, and in the absence of such proof, no subsidies are justified.

ANOTHER FORM of the organizational argument in favor of national parks is more quickly dealt with. It is sometimes said that conservation groups would be unable to buy the parks because of the sheer organizational difficulty of collecting the money. This objection, I think, is based on the misconception that the money would have to be collected door to door, like American Cancer Society contributions, all in advance of purchase. That, however, is not the case. Instead, a group that wanted to buy land for a park would be able to borrow the money from a bank, issue stock or float bonds, guaranteeing repayment out of the fees paid by future visitors. And what if this stream of future fees were insufficient to pay back the loan? What then would be the justification for the park in the first place, if only a very few are interested in using it?

In one respect, a point may be conceded to the organizational argument. At the moment, commercial interests do have more ready cash, and if all the parks went up for auction tomorrow, the conservationists would be able to bid on very few of them. Consequently, I would recommend that the auctioning be done gradually over a period of years, with some of the smaller, less valuable pieces sold first, to give the conservation groups a fair chance to learn the principles of business organization in which the commercial interests are already well-versed.

Although the public good, irreversibility and organizational arguments are the conservationists' big guns, there are a number of subsidiary arguments as well. The first of these is the intergenerational argument. The wilderness we have now, it is said, is all we will ever have, so we must pass it on to our children. One generation cannot bind another. We do not have the moral right to deprive our descendants of that which the earth has in a strictly limited supply.

This argument would seem to add nothing to the ones already listed. It is in part a variant of the irreversibility doctrine, although that doctrine is even less valid with respect to future generations than the present. After all, our sufficiently remote descendants could have, say, all the magnificent groves of four hundred-foot redwoods which we could desire for them, if we would just take the trouble to set out the seedlings today. Furthermore, if the wilderness which we pass on to our children will be as important to them as to us, or even more important (something which certainly seems reasonable given the high income elasticity of demand for outdoor recreation), then they will flock to the parks in more than sufficient numbers to pay, with their admission fees, the interest on the bonds which we float today to reserve those areas for them.

Perhaps the most disingenuous argument of all made in favor of our current system of subsidizing the national parks out of tax revenue is that the current system benefits the poor, who would, on the other hand, be excluded by the high fees necessary to cover full costs. The cogency of this argument is seriously weakened by studies which show lower-income families to be strongly under-represented among users of the national parks. Far from benefiting the poor, the subsidy to these parks takes taxes collected from the poor, competes in the federal budgetary process with other programs designed to aid the poor directly, and uses the money to pay for playgrounds used primarily by the well-to-do. As a poverty program, the national parks are on a par with the notorious agricultural subsidies.

FURTHERMORE, the people who make this argument are exhibiting about as enlightened a sense of how to help the poor as Marie Antoinette. If you want to help the poor, give them spendable cash grants through a negative income tax, or a guaranteed annual income, or something of that sort. Then, if these disadvantaged individuals consider that their first priority is to enjoy the great outdoors, they will spend their grants on park admission tickets. If, on the other hand, they consider it more important to buy shoes, good food, a decent apartment—or for that matter, beer, cigarettes or a color TV—why should anyone else impose his values on them?

A similar argument dispatches the conservationist defense based on the value of wilderness to science. This value is real enough, of course, and well documented. But if science is to be subsidized, again, give the scientists unrestricted block grants. Some of this they will spend on leasing special tracts from private park systems, while some they will spend on cyclotrons, test tubes and secretarial help. To earmark grants to the poor, on the grounds that the donor knows better than the recipient how to put the money to best use, is bad enough, but to apply the same reasoning in the case of grants to science is simply ludicrous.

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Last but not least comes the old line that the wilderness has spiritual and aesthetic values, and you can't put a price tag on these. True, the wilderness does have spiritual value for a great many people. But who says that spiritual values must be subsidized by the state, and who says they can't be valued in money? This country has, among its great founding principles, the separation of church and state, based on the belief that nothing is more destructive of spiritual values than putting them in the pay of the politicians. Yet do our churches languish because they are financially on their own? Of course not. Men and women everywhere, knowing the importance of spiritual values in their lives, translate these spiritual values into cash gifts. No compulsory fees are assessed, yet the free rider problem, so bothersome elsewhere, turns out to be a negligible barrier to the finances of religious organizations. Meanwhile, inspirational literature, books on philosophy and ethics and works of spiritual music enjoy brisk sales and generate profits for their producers.

ANYONE who claims he has spiritual and aesthetic values, and won't put his money where his mouth is, is putting you on. And anyone who puts his hand in someone else's pocket (someone else who may prefer to get his spiritual experience from Bach or Michelangelo or Elijah Muhammad) to finance his spiritual uplift is so short on ethics and morality that I would personally be willing to subsidize a journey for him to a very remote part of the wilderness indeed.

Why not begin a crash program to convert that passion for the wilderness which spills forth so freely as a stream of words into an equally abundant stream of dollars? Money talks, and conservationists, unless they are just play-acting when they say how much they value their parks, have tremendous potential resources to tap. I am not a specialist in these matters, but I can offer some commonsense suggestions as illustrations of what is possible.

First, and I think most important, put an immediate end to queueing as a means of rationing space in recreational facilities which are already overcrowded. When a definite level of capacity can be defined—and this applies to many campsites, for example—charge admission fees high enough to limit applications to space available. Of course, this means varying the rate over the course of the season. For example, I can imagine certain key spots where a campground might be filled on Labor Day or the Fourth of July with each camper gladly putting up $100. (After all, people already pay prices like this for scalped tickets to Broadway plays or the Super Bowl.) The less wealthy or enthusiastic, and those fortunate enough to have a more flexible work schedule, will be able to gain admission for much lower fees on weekdays and in off-peak periods. Queueing represents the least efficient, least just, and most easily corrupted form of rationing ever devised. It could be eliminated even while the parks are still government-owned, if conservationists would only have the honesty to tell the park administrators that they are ready to pay their own way and stop trying to take a free ride.

As a second example of a useful financial mechanism, I would suggest the practice of "excess taking," frequently used here in New England to finance such establishments as ski slopes. The idea is, if you want a thousand acres to build a ski run, you buy that thousand acres *and* the adjoining thousand acres. As soon as the facility is built, the surrounding land is sold off at several times its purchase price as homesites and commercial property to those who are attracted to the area by the recreation available. Conservationists have spent much time fulminating against speculators and developers. Yet isn't it obvious that wherever a park is built, land values will inevitably go up and speculative profits will be made? So why not get a piece of the action and put these profits to work in a good cause?

THE PROSPECTS of raising money by both of the above methods are greatly enhanced by what might be called Udall's Laws (after the former Secretary of the Interior, who attached great importance to them). Udall's First Law is that the available open land per capita decreases more than in proportion to the increase in population. (Take four thousand open acres, one thousand people, one thousand residential and commercial acres. Four open acres per person. Double the population, develop another thousand acres for commercial and residential use, and you are left with two thousand people and three thousand open acres, one and a half acres per person.) Udall's Second Law is that the demand for outdoor recreation increases faster than in proportion to the increase of GNP per capita. (This is actually a variant of the much older Engel's Law.) When people are better off, they take longer vacations, are more mobile and so forth, so they spend a greater proportion of their time and money relaxing. Take these two laws together, and it may be true, for example, that doubling the population of an area could increase the demand for outdoor recreation by a factor of nine or ten! Translated into dollars and cents, Udall's laws mean that you are never going to have to worry about demand for your product or about how to pay off those wilderness development bonds.

FINALLY, we must get the conservationists down out of the rarefied air of the High Sierras and develop in them a realistic attitude toward outdoor recreation areas of the non-virgin, non-wilderness variety. It has been said that the whole question of recreation is analogous to a flood control project. If you let all the masses of people flow into the parks in an uncontrolled fashion, then a great deal of damage will be done. But if upstream, along the watersheds of the cities and highways, you install control works, diversions, overflow areas, holding reservoirs and so forth, then the flood can be controlled when it reaches the true wilderness areas.

Such a program means buying low-grade, unspectacular, logged over or cropped over areas, especially in the Eastern and Midwestern sections of the country and restoring them to provide their maximum recreational potential. Low-grade wilderness surrogates like these, if properly located and properly developed and managed, can protect the remaining virgin wilderness in two ways, both by the flood control function already mentioned, and by producing revenue which can be used to maintain the low-use, high-grade havens of the purists elsewhere. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Mr. Heath Sticks to His Guns

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Is Britain falling apart? In the light of what's been happening lately the question must seem ominously plausible.

The collapse of Rolls Royce was immediately followed by the bankruptcy of one of Britain's largest insurance firms and by the closing of a national newspaper. Ford's huge factory at Dagenham has been paralyzed by a long strike: and this is only the latest in an endless series of stoppages that are ruining the car industry. Henry Ford II has warned that, because Britain's industrial relations are so bad, all the company's future developments may be transferred elsewhere. Already plans for one major new factory have been canceled; it will now probably be built in Germany.

And the extra jobs were needed. More than 4 per cent of the male labor force is unemployed, and this figure is expected to rise sharply by the end of the year. Undeterred, the labor unions not only continue to demand wage increases of anything from 15 to 45 per cent but are currently engaged in mass demonstrations and political strikes against the government.

One Conservative Member of Parliament, who is also a prominent businessman, told me gloomily the other day that the situation reminded him of what he had seen happen in Argentina. Twenty years ago Argentina was the most prosperous country in Latin America—until she was ruined by political folly. Harold Wilson's government, like Peron's, may have unleashed irreparable harm.

All this is quite true, and it would be more wishful thinking to predict confidently that Britain's slide toward economic disaster will be halted in time. A gloomy scenario is easy enough to write.

But the situation can be looked at another way. It may be that Britain's present eruption of troubles, far from being a symptom that her sickness is getting worse, is a sign that the government's remedies are beginning to work. Any cure was bound to be painful. The unions—or, at least, the militants and the politically motivated leaders—are angry precisely because they can feel the curb. Companies are going bankrupt and unemployment is rising because the government has refused to subsidize inflation, or to cushion its effects, with more handouts from the public purse.

If this optimistic interpretation proves valid, the collapse of the seven-week postal strike may well be seen as a turning point. The men were forced back to work, having lost a lot of money and gained nothing more positive than a Committee of Inquiry into their claim.

The strike was foolishly conceived and badly led by a group that includes several Communists. The union had no strike fund and is now deeply in debt to other unions which lent it money. For almost the first time since the War, strike leaders found themselves up against an employer who flatly refused to yield. They could scarcely believe it. "I think the management must have gone mad," said Tom Jackson, Secretary of the Postal Workers' Union.

(Another unexpected factor, not economic at all, helped to defeat the Post Office strikers. They thought that stopping the mail would produce unacceptable chaos and dislocation within three days. Instead of which, most people seemed scarcely to notice, let alone care. Some small businesses—notably the mail-order companies—were badly hurt. But the business community as a whole soon found other ways of communicating—the Post Office has probably lost custom permanently—and the consensus seemed to be that having no mail was rather agreeable.)

The union was demanding a wage increase of between 15 and 20 per cent, for no better reason than that this was the sort of inflationary settlement which was negotiated in several industries last year. The Post Office management had offered 8 per cent, and said that anything more would have to be paid for out of increased productivity.

Both the unions and the government chose to regard this strike as a test case. The result must be considered a win for the government, and should have a sobering effect on some of the other union leaders who have been aggressively lining up. The real militants will, no doubt, only become more determined: but they may find the ranks behind them less keen on battle.

The very fact that ordinary people, including many union members, are so worried about the economic situation is a healthy development. It means that the message has begun to get across.

This is the whole point of the government's strategy. Guidelines and controls, Mr. Heath and his colleagues believe, are either ineffective or ultimately self-defeating. The only cure for Britain's ailments is to make people face reality; to burst the illusion that their own wealth can increase faster than the value of the work they produce; to drive them to accept responsibility for the future of their jobs and their businesses.

To render this policy credible the government has to appear adamant: and this is something Mr. Heath is good at. Over the Post Office strike; over arms sales to South Africa; over the Industrial Relations Bill, which is making the unions so cross because it aims to put a slight curb on wildcat strikers; over all these and many other issues Mr. Heath has shown himself flintily determined to stick to his guns. What he has not shown is any capacity for winning people's hearts and minds.

Politics and economics are inextricably linked. The government will be under increasing pressure to reduce unemployment and stop price rises by direct action, while the inflation which causes them is still not properly checked. The decisive question (as President Nixon seems already to have discovered) may be whether, in a democracy, it is possible for governments to persist with right, but unpopular and painful, policies long enough for the benefit to emerge. Britain's Conservative government is backing its own philosophy with considerable courage. During the next few months we shall begin to see whether the gamble is paying off. □

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MARXISTS AND CHRISTIANS

Dead-End Dialogue

SHELDON MOODY SMITH

THIS young Korean exchange student, newly arrived on campus, looked up the church of his baptism. The first Sunday was confusing: rock music, and many huggings and so forth. But also some fairly violent denunciations of "the Establishment," and "this vicious racist society," et cetera. Timidly he inquired as to whether he was in the right place. Oh yes, was the reply. He tried again a second Sunday, only to discover that the only time the name of Jesus Christ was likely to be heard was when the janitor banged his thumb. At the door he summoned up his courage and asked what kind of church it was. "This," the pastor replied grandly, "is a Christian-Marxist church." He left, wondering what a Christian-Marxist church was.

A question that will be asked more than once in the months and years ahead, for Christian-Marxist dialogue is the coming rage. It has been going on for some time in academia, of course, but it is now reaching out to the parish level.

Take an example. Parson Gooch is looking, desperately, for something around which to form a Lenten study group. That course he offered on Dietrich Bonhoeffer two years ago was an absolute flop. The offering of last year, on the Epistle to the Galatians, was little better. So this year, let's try the relevancy route. And there, waiting for him in big supply, is a book on the military-industrial complex by Sidney Lens. To prove that this is a good, ecumenical book, it is published by a Roman Catholic publishing house, in joint sponsorship with the United Church of Christ.

Now Parson Gooch has never heard of Sidney Lens, and does not know that he has been peddling the same hack leftism for, what, eighty or ninety years? And his study group has never heard of Lens. But they read it, mark, learn and inwardly digest it, and are ready for other things. It is axiomatic that the typical American is so pleased with himself when he has finished *any* book that he will get furious at anyone who questions its premises. One group of people is then well on its way to dialogue. "Dialogue" in this context usually means that they will sit, meeting after meeting, and be chastised by some fiery youth (ordained or no) and hear praises sung to Che, Mao, Ho, the Panthers and company.

Were you to try to have a real dialogue (debate, conversation?), you could run into some difficulties. For example, *which* Christians and *which* Marxists are to have these spiels? Harvey Cox (of Harvard Divinity School) and Richard Shaull (of Princeton Theological Seminary) are keen for the gabbing to begin. But which Christians would they permit on the team? Would Billy Graham qualify? Would Fulton Sheen? Oral Roberts? The difficulties begin to emerge. What about the Marxist side? Would Gus Hall be willing to sit on a panel with Carl Oglesby and Herbert Marcuse? The dialogue was going along nicely in Europe, for example, until Roger Garaudy said some pointed things about Czechoslovakia and was ousted from the Central Committee of the French Communist Party.

The Christian Left, in this country at least, is not enamored of orthodox Leninism, but dabbles around in the "early, humanist Marxism of Marx' first writings." The argument runs roughly as follows: "We are going to have to solve the problems of war, and hunger and poverty. But the West is so fragmented that it cannot do these things. Therefore we need a belief that will focus us on the future. Marx talks about community, which we badly need, and he talks about hope for the future, which is surely compatible with Christianity. So maybe we can reach a new synthesis, much as Thomas Aquinas did with Aristotle and medieval Christianity."

Now there are several obvious flaws in the above. No one really wants war, and certainly no one wants atomic war. But it must be sincerely doubted that Marxist-Christian dialogue will have *much to do with solving the problem.* That, after all, is a matter between governments and a question of maneuvering, guessing and out-guessing at precarious levels. Herbert Marcuse and Robert McAfee Brown could jawbone each other for six consecutive months (not an unpleasant thought in itself) without moving a finger even a millimeter from a button. As for poverty, hunger and community, the first two remain unsolved (and largely unalleviated) in Marxist countries, and possibly a case could be made out for community, such as Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle*. But *free* community?

The current mentor of the Christian Left is an 85-year-old German named Ernst Bloch. Bloch provides the philosophical basis for Juergen Meltmann's *Theology of Hope*, which is regarded as must reading in theological circles. An exile during the Hitler years, Bloch returned to East Germany during that period when mavericks, though unpopular, were tolerated. Since the Berlin Wall he has lived in West Germany. (Wise mice know, as soon as the cat does, when the game is over.)

(Harvey Cox announced, some years ago, that Bloch's *Das Prinzip Hoffnung* is, for theologians, "the only serious alternative to Martin Heidegger's even more opaque *Sein und Zeit*," Teutonic opacity being always big in theological circles.)

NOW BLOCH is rough going, but hardly opaque. His basic thesis is Marxist and utopian: Man's alienation is caused by class and property, and once these are abolished he will dwell in harmony with himself, his neighbors and the world. Where Bloch serves as source and inspiration for the Christian Left is by allowing that there is something in man's religious impulse: "God is a utopian hypothesis." Not God, but something that men have identified with God, lies in the future, when utopia is achieved. Certain Christians, centuries ahead of their times, have held this. Bloch admires them: Joachim of Flore, Thomas Munzer, the "Diggers," the Millenarians, and the Fifth Monarchy Men.

History is written by the winners. But the losers seldom disappear entirely, they quietly submerge and simmer and bubble until some particular set of historical and social circumstances calls them forth again. (There

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was, at least five years ago, a dedicated little group of Jacobites who would meet periodically to toast the health of the House of Stuart.) In the Christian Church, the prevailing view has always been that man must live on earth with its, and his, imperfections: The soul will win its final blessing only after death. God, of course, always retains the prerogative of stopping the whole show any time He sees fit; but that is His decision, not man's. So prevailing has this view been in the West that opinions to the contrary are generally written off as minor aberrations, and confined to footnotes of church-history texts.

BUT OPINIONS to the contrary have never died. Indeed, they are remarkably consistent: God is about to usher in a new era (the Age of the Holy Spirit, or the Third Age). Those who are wise enough to see this new age coming are therefore God's appointed agents to bring it about. Bloch, in selecting his leaders from the Christian past, has gotten most of that group down through the ages. And, of course, it is not new with Bloch. Marx and Engels extolled roughly the same group, and Engels' *Peasant War in Germany* is a hymn of praise to one of them, Thomas Munzer (of whom Martin Luther once said, "I would not believe Thomas Munzer if he swallowed the Holy Ghost, feathers and all").

What is new is the attempt of theologians to view these strange people as prophets for our age, instead of as ecclesiastical lunatics, which is how they have been regarded for centuries.

But perhaps not so strange. If you are a Christian theologian, and if you no longer have firm convictions about (for example) original sin, the Resurrection as an actual occurrence, personal prayer, and life after death, well, you must start looking around for new ideas.

Thus, Juergen Moltmann (and Moltmann is a *very* hot ticket, theology-wise), can write an introduction to Bloch's *Man on His Own* (published by a Roman Catholic house, Herder and Herder) and say: "Christianity has attracted [Bloch] . . . not because of its ecclesiastical tradition, but through the subterranean history of its nonconformist heretics, from Marcion and Montanus down through the Cathari, Waldenses, Albigenses, Joachimites, Brethren of the Free Spirit, Hussites, Anabaptists, and Illuminati."

All of which is exceeding strange. Bertram Wolfe, an old revolutionary himself, has written that for a Marxist "there is no other judge than history, and in history the losers are always wrong." Taking a look at the list of names above (exempting Jan Hus and some of his followers, cheerfully giving John of Leyden in return) it would be hard to concoct a more lugubrious litany of losers. There isn't one of them who was not a disaster for his followers and his society.

Bloch is a chiliast, as are those who take him seriously, and the argument against them is short: They have always failed. Their heads have adorned many a pole, and the skeletons of their followers been strewn on many a plain, but they have always failed. In confused times, their heirs will pop up. Dwelling in a fog, the faint glow just might be the sun. It is pathetic when fellow wanderers in the same fog greet each other as explorers. Saddest of all is that moment when, as their feet sink in the mire, they recognize the foxfire for what it was.

But in the meantime, and to the innocent, much damage may be done. The Christian Left is rapidly getting the notion that it is the agent of God. In the mind of the typical Christian there is, and always has been, the nagging suspicion that God has not been waiting for two thousand years for *him* to reform the world. It takes a zeal that soon approaches fanaticism, and wraps itself in the garb of moral infallibility.

So perhaps more people should start to say "stop the dialogue" on the simple grounds that people who have nothing to talk about, shouldn't. For the Christian, the exemplary Man before God is always Jesus Christ. For Marx, and it is an explicit point in his writings, the exemplary man before the gods is Prometheus, defying them and calling, "In truth, I hate all the gods." Man as the pinnacle, man as the ultimate, that is Marx.

OR IS IT? There is that strange point in Marx' later years, when he became emotionally attached to the Otricoli bust of Zeus. He displayed a copy in his home and allowed hair and beard to grow so that he resembled the god. That is where we discover a frightening proposition. Man without God is only the first stop. Man, seizing the godhead, that is the goal. That is the Marxist wish. The son of light, who sat by the throne of heaven, had the same wish.

Idealists, decent people, in our day are prone to clutch at any flotsam and jetsam that promises to keep them buoyant. The Marxist vision and the chiliast Christian vision touch at another point: the lion lying down with the lamb, within history, mayhap within our day. One can see the attractions. They are neatly summed up by Professor James M. Rhodes in the Spring 1970 issue of *Modern Age*: "[They] are attracted to Marxism . . . for they despise the egoistic spirit of the liberal American society and they approve of Marx's demand that man should become truly social; this position seems wholly compatible with the Christian's mandate to love his neighbor as himself. The Christian humanists are so taken with similarity between Christianity and Marxism that they do not notice that the two movements have different goals, Christian and Promethean. This is a dangerous situation." Dangerous indeed it is.

SO, ONCE AGAIN, stop the dialogue. This does not mean stop talking. It means that the Marxist has only one agendum: conversion. So, if the Christian understands what he is doing, he must have the same agendum. Which means that the Christian will find better armor in Pastor Gooch's course on Galatians than he will find in having the poor man lead him in a discussion of Sidney Lens' silly book.

Because conversion is still a possibility, on both sides. There have been some rather heroic witnesses to Christianity in Eastern Europe. They have gone largely unnoticed, but they have borne a singular, and selfless and (by mundane standards) hopeless witness.

As one author put it: "Love for Christ is not fruitless, it fills us not only with the purest adoration and respect for Him, but also acts in such a way that we obey His commandments and at the same time sacrifice ourselves for others, because we are virtuous, but virtuous only for love of Him."

It is really unfair to quote that. Karl Marx was only seventeen when he wrote it. It was some years before the hail to Prometheus; many before the identification with Zeus. □

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2100 A.D.

A Sad, Sad Tale

RICHARD W. O'DONNELL

News Item—The Census Bureau announced yesterday a major downward revision in its population projections for the next thirty years. It is possible, the Bureau said, that there will be nearly 100 million fewer Americans in the year 2000 than had been forecast. . . .

—Washington Post

NEW AND IMPROVED methods of birth control are obviously the reason government head-counters are convinced the United States population will be a 100 million less than projected previously a mere three decades from now. Logically, if this birth-control fad continues, the nation's population will be considerably less than expected come 2050 A.D. Probably 250 million less. This particular projection is based on the theory that if the United States can lose a mere 100 million in thirty years without even trying, the nation should be able to do a hell of a lot better in fifty years if there is a determined effort on the part of the entire citizenry.

All things considered, by 2100 A.D., the ultimate will have been achieved. The nation will be completely birth controled. Thus it is that the following television interview will probably take place.

Reporter: This is your Interplanetary Television Network reporter. My guest today is Mr. Nelson F. McTerve of Homeville, U.S.A. This venerable old gentleman is truly unique. Mr. McTerve, will you please explain to our viewers what makes you so unique?

McTerve: Yes, sir. I am the last American. They're all gone now, except me.

Reporter: Remarkable!

McTerve: There was that fellow out in Sioux City, Iowa. For a while, I thought he was going to beat me out—especially that winter I had the sniffles. But he fell off his rocking chair, and that was that! I'm the last one left. There just aren't any more.

Reporter: Mr. McTerve, back in 1970, the United States was a thriving nation with a population of more than 200 million. What happened?

McTerve: Nothing spectacular. We just faded away, I guess. My father told me that his grandfather told him that it all started back in the twentieth century when some doctor invented some kind of a pill. After that, Americans started getting scarcer and scarcer.

Reporter: This pill you mentioned sir. What type of pill was it?

McTerve: It was a birth control pill, young man. And it sure was potent. They tell me that back about 1950, the typical American mother had an average of 3.35 children. But once that pill came along, mother just lost all her ambition. By 2000, she was only turning out 2.11 kids. After that, it was downhill all the way. By 2070—that was just thirty years ago, mind you—the poor old girl was down to minus 0.03. She just quit trying, I guess.

Reporter: Tell me, sir, do you still recall the good old days? I mean those wonderful days when there were other Americans around?

McTerve: Indeed I do! I was a real swinger back about 2035. Used to fly out to Las Vegas every chance I got, and have a hell of a time watching all those beautiful show girls dance around. Of course, after a while Las Vegas began to lose its old magic.

Reporter: How's that, sir?

McTerve: Those fancy show girls kept getting older and older. No new one around to replace them. Las Vegas just lost all its oomph! Same thing happened at Radio City Music Hall. All those Rockettes had to use canes when they did their high kicks.

Reporter: Mr. McTerve, is it true that about 2070, the United States became a nation of senior citizens?

McTerve: That's correct, young man. And let me tell you living in a nation of senior citizens had quite a few advantages.

Reporter: For example?

McTerve: Well for one thing, there weren't a lot of howling kids around to bother you.

Reporter: What about television? What type of television shows did you have on back in 2070?

McTerve: Well, we had those reruns of *I Love Lucy*. And Broderick Crawford in *Highway Patrol*. Mostly, we had old movies though. Of course, there was *Lawrence Welk*. He was on live every Saturday night.

Reporter: What about the sports shows? What did they have on Sunday afternoons?

McTerve: Mostly television chess matches. In those days, there weren't any guys around with energy enough to play football.

Reporter: Tell me, Mr. McTerve, how long have you been the last living American?

McTerve: Seven years now. That fellow out in Sioux City passed on in 2093. Had a hell of a funeral!

Reporter: Don't you ever get lonely?

McTerve: Yes, young man, I do. I try to keep my mind occupied though. I try to keep busy.

Reporter: What do you do?

McTerve: First thing after breakfast every morning, I hoist the flag up on the pole outside the house. Then I dust the bronze bust of Margaret Sanger my late wife kept above the fireplace.

Reporter: And after that?

McTerve: After that, I rest on the sofa until it's time to lower the flag.

Reporter: Do you ever have any visitors?

MCTERVE: From time to time, some Indians drop by for a visit.

Reporter: Indians? Are there Indians hereabouts?

McTerve: There are Indians everywhere, young man. All the tribes came back from Alcatraz once the word got out there was only me and that guy from Sioux City left. They're all friendly Indians. Matter of fact, I've just completed a real estate deal with one of the tribes.

Reporter: A real estate deal?

McTerve: I sold those Indians a tired old island up New York way. Didn't make too much on the deal though.

Reporter: I'm sorry to hear that, Mr. McTerve.

McTerve: What the hell, 25 bucks is still 25 bucks. These are inflationary times, young man. I need every penny I can get.

Reporter: Thank you very much for being our guest today, Mr. McTerve.

McTerve: My pleasure. □

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C. H. SIMONDS

PICKING AND CHOOSING

FOR NOW I went to the hardware store the other day, to buy one (1) drill bit for 48 cents—and found myself wanting terribly to buy a whole set of them, neatly ranked from 1/64 to 1/2 inch in a cunning little metal case, price eight dollars. My conscience reminded me that I have already three or four such sets at home, full of bits I've never used but missing the few that I do use (which is why I was after one (1) in the first place). Still, I wanted that whole, complete set.

That's the way Americans are, I realized on the way home. My wife is entranced with complete sets of spices in their matching little jars. My little brother wants every single one of those "Matchbox Miniature" toy cars. The Barbie Doll folks made their fortune not on Barbie, but by peddling complete sets of clothes and accessories even unto a boy-friend for her. From Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf right up to the Great Books, millions have been made selling us culture in complete sets. As a people, we are not pickers and choosers—we opt always for the whole package.

We approach difficult questions in the same spirit. We are either all for or all against whatever-it-is (ABM, SST, DDT, LSD) for a neat, complete set of Reasons. Likewise, if we are for *x* we are assumed to be against *y* and standing pat on *z*: Each of us is expected to be a Complete Liberal, a Complete Conservative or Revolutionary or Baptist or Vegetarian, equipped with the whole package of appropriate attitudes. (It should be simple to tot up the necessary ideological kit for the Complete Maverick.) Thus when someone comes along who announces that he has long hair and likes the Rolling Stones and is a *conservative*, everybody's supposed to flip out.

Time was when our national complete-set fetish was relatively harmless; a shortcut around thought, a handy way to avoid weighing and considering, a working principle (defective, to be sure) that permitted us to think we knew all we needed to know. Today, when our passions are ugly and public and our enthusiasms so often lethal, it won't do at all.

Take the question of life-style, the fundamental social problem of the present day. The average American parent leaps, at the first skipped haircut or the first sound of rock from the rumpus room, to the conclusion that his kid is "a hippie"; will be smoking grass tomorrow, mainlining the next day and blowing up buildings by Friday at the latest. Of course the parent will panic—has he not read the newspapers and the mass magazines, watched the television specials?—and try a little repression, and then the whole family will play Generation Gap.

It won't help to remind the parent of his own youth with its petty rebellions. He senses, quite correctly, that adolescent rebellion today is a very different thing; that while kids have always broken away, today (thanks to media sensationalism and a general loosening-up), the ways they do it are infinitely more dangerous. To survive the breaking-away, that is, to grow up, kids have to depend on commonsense and the self-preservation instinct —things that kids have never been strong in, and that are bound to be overcome in a prolonged, gut-emotional game of Generation Gap.

AS FOR THE KID—he's read the papers and watched the tube too, and he senses how spooked his parents are. Often, and not at all surprisingly, he will come to feel that extreme, self-destructive rebellion is *expected of him.* The media took seriously Abbie Hoffman's dictum that rock in and of itself makes revolutionaries out of the children of the bourgeoisie. Most of those children are disproving it (commonsense, you see) but enough of them, and enough of their parents (including Kim Agnew's father) have bought the whole line—and so a lot of lives have been messed up.

Drugs? The same story, but it cuts two ways. The Old Wisdom, as espoused for decades by the self-serving bureaucrats of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and lately by President Nixon, is that Marijuana Leads to Stronger Stuff. Most parents buy that line, having grown up with it. I wonder how many kids, beneath their surface sophistication, buy it too; think for an instant as they blow their joints that yes, later on it *will* be pills and then heroin, and in an excess of adolescent romanticism make the prophecy come true. Not too many (commonsense again)—but how many more, having discovered for themselves that grass doesn't hurt them and doesn't make them crave hard stuff, will suspect that the propaganda about other drugs is just as invalid?

There is on the market another set of attitudes about drugs—the New Wisdom, which considers marijuana a positive good that somehow makes people Better, Fuller Human Beings. That package, bought entire, is every bit as harmful, leading as it does to overindulgence and on to that corrosive, destructive boredom that is the consequence of any overindulgence.

Both wisdoms are of course foolish and wrong, as are all the little kits we buy and lug around in the mistaken hope that they will make things simple and comprehensible. Our national motto ought to be "You Don't Have To Buy the Whole Package" (maybe it could be printed on our money, as a loose translation of *E Pluribus Unum*). Longhaired kids don't have to become Charles Mansons or Bernardine Dohrns, heads needn't wind up as mainliners, you may skip the naked orgy after the rock concert and it is everyone's God-given right as an American to, dammit, Pick and Choose.

It's more than a right, in fact, it's a duty. □

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DELECTATIONS

Mas'

SELDEN RODMAN

LIKE everything else, Trinidad's carnival is getting organized. It has a long way to go, for sure, to look like Macy's Parade or a mobile Disneyland, but my advice is: Come and see it in the Seventies. At the present rate of decline it should be another nine years before the floats have Caterpillar treads, the steel band is piped in by Muzak, the jump-ups are computerized to avoid the traffic signals, and Dr. Williams (lest he be outflanked by American Imperialism's latest export) makes Black Power the sole, mandatory theme.

The briefest of glossaries. *Mas'* (presumably from "mask") is the word for carnival in Port of Spain. *Jump-up* is what you do in Mas'. *Jourvert* (corruption of the French for Opening Day) is that part of carnival that occurs at dawn Monday, ushering in the first and unrehearsed 24 hours; Tuesday's finale ends abruptly on the stroke of midnight, lest Ash Wednesday and Lent be profaned. Dr. Eric Williams, author of *Capitalism and Slavery* and other brilliantly learned tracts on the evils of white colonialism, is the first and perennial President of Trinidad and Tobago.

As Jourvert begins, the bands that were playing all-night parties in private homes spill into the streets, giving their versions of last year's happenings. One such band, wearing sackcloth and flour bags, zeroes in on A. N. R. Robinson (who resigned from the cabinet following last summer's army mutiny, calling Dr. Williams a white reactionary in blackface). The leftist ex-minister is played by a man reeling around as though drunk and carrying a bottle and some hi-fi records and a placard reading ANR LEAVING PARTY! Another band, called THE AMERICAN DREAM, pokes fun at "Student Power," its members in cap-and-gown, sun glasses and exaggerated beards; but like all such social critics in still-spontaneous Trinidad, fantasy quickly outstrips serious intent. By Tuesday afternoon some of THE AMERICAN DREAM'S participants will be identifying themselves as Johnny Weismuller, Vito Genovese, Rum & Coca-Cola, Hoover of the FBI, Madame Chen Wing, as well as something called "Gagoolin The Man-Eating Plant."

By Tuesday, however, Organization has begun to turn carnival into a spectator sport. All the major bands and floats are siphoned into the Savannah, the lordly racetrack of colonial days, a greensward still big enough to accommodate a hundred cricket pitches (that imperialistic charade the liberated colonials still delight in playing with all the Etonian amenities of tea, "Good show!" and "Well played, old boy!").

From the Savannah the bands funnel into a chute and up a concrete ramp to a platform between two shaded grandstands where they are reviewed by the $5-a-seat customers—tourists, cameramen, government bureaucrats—and the judges who will make or break them for the upcoming circuit tours of the Caribbean and Europe, the nightclubs and the record albums.

To describe adequately the creativity that goes into *one* of these psuedo-historical extravaganzas (much less the calypsos whose bawdy, devastating lyrics are judged separately) would require a whole issue of *NR*. I can only list a handful of the brilliantly costumed troupes that jumped past me at the end of the exit-ramp in the 120° heat as I stood holding my Rolleiflex under one arm and my five-year-old son (oblivious to everything but an upended bottle of orange soda) under the other, trying to shield both from that screaming, stampeding juggernaut.

GLAMOUR GIRLS ALL-STARS PRESENTS A PSYCHEDELIC FIESTA IN MEXICO came first. They were cigar-chomping Capuchins in brown habits and belts of knotted rope, followed by Zapatistas wearing silver-studded chaps and sombreros as big as umbrellas. A band called POLLINATION BY BIRDS AND INSECTS was doing a number called "Beauty in All Its Splendour." One idea wackily begets another. The MT. RUSHMORE float had astronauts doing the breast-stroke. SONNY ROACH OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC was playing a number called "Lyre Pheasant, the Australian Songbird." LLOYD BEST OF SUNBURNT AFRICA was acting out "The Letter D of Daniel's Dream" while PSYCHEDELIC WOODSTOCK alternated between "Cats' Town Life in the Ghetto," "The Submarine Wonders of Buccoo Reef" and "U.S. Sailors in Tye-Dye on Shore Leave."

Then came the bats. "Fruit Destroyers," "Mavis Bats," "Gasparee Cave Bats"—modulating subtly into "Devils and Demons," "Legislators of Hell," "Hell in All Its Glory," "Raiders of Horror," "Conquerors of Time," "Legions of the Cobra"—all egged on by LEVER BROTHERS GAY FLAMINGOS, THE BANK OF COMMERCE STARLIFTS or CARIB TOKYO STEEL BOYS SCHEHERAZADE SCHERZANDO.

The last band I saw carried a banner lettered simply A GROOVY SITUATION—and that indeed it was. As I walked back into the Savannah, a masquerader passed me from the disbanded MOD MAD WORLD OF SPECTRASCOPIC SAILORS ROUND THE WORLD, and glancing my way sang quite audibly *"I've given you enough of my time for everyone. . . ."* Tag of just another calypso? Or a philosophical statement? In carnival you can never be sure.

SO THE NEXT DAY I asked Derek Walcott, Trinidad's great poet-playwright, what it all signifies, and why he referred to carnival in his introduction to *Dream on Monkey Mountain* as "a manual for stasis."

"I'm not knocking carnival," he replied, "or the steel bands either, but those who use them, like the government. Kitchener, this year's calypso king, says it in one of his songs: *'This is not the way we used to play Mas' in Trinidad/It's a one-way Mas' to the Savannah.'* In other words, it's becoming a directed thing, tourist-oriented."

"And the solution?" I asked.

"To find out what the people want—and then return carnival to them. After all this jazz about liberation and independence, we're discovering that we're what we always were—politically powerless. Only art is left. Making things like this, forging a clean, strong language out of our own metaphors and myths. . . . But we've got to protect it or we'll lose that too." □

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FRANK S. MEYER

THE DEFENSE CRISIS

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

Neither the sections on defense in President Nixon's foreign policy report nor Secretary Laird's defense posture statement to the Congress develops a program directed toward seriously meeting the degradation of our defenses relative to the strength of the Soviet Union. Rather, the Administration's analysis of growing Soviet strength confirms the most serious apprehensions, while the proposals for American countermeasures are, so far as current deployment is concerned, too little and, so far as projections are concerned, much too late. On the decisive question of strategic deterrence, Secretary Laird's projections of Soviet nuclear-missile power do nothing to dispute the analysis of Charles Benson, recently published in NATIONAL REVIEW (March 9); but what is ignored is the significance of the SS-9 buildup as a first-strike force capable within a very few years of eliminating our land-based missile capacity and thus calling our whole deterrent capability into question.

But although there is no direct consideration of this specific danger, there are two specious efforts made to minimize the SS-9 buildup as such. The first is a hope that the temporary halt in such deployment might indicate Soviet acceptance of "sufficiency." This hope has recently been blown sky high by Senator Henry Jackson, who revealed intelligence information that the buildup had been resumed. The second is a continuing reliance on the SALT talks. To this hope anyone with a knowledge of Soviet diplomatic activity over fifty years can give a categorical answer: The Soviets will sign no treaty of armament limitation that does not strengthen them and weaken us. Where one would have hoped for a sharp increase in our offensive missiles, a much accelerated buildup of the ABM, and crash programs directed toward new weapons systems, we have business as usual in modernizing Minuteman and Poseidon and in the previously projected minor increase in ABM.

So far as new weapons systems are concerned, after showing that the Soviets are outspending us by something like 50 per cent, or $3 billion per annum, on research and development, Secretary Laird proposes a 12 per cent increase, or less than $1 billion a year, for fiscal 1972. The future of our defenses will be determined by today's research and development programs. It is scandalous that a country with a trillion-dollar GNP is being outspent in this decisive area for future survival.

The same story repeats itself at every level of American defense vis-à-vis the Soviet Union. The Navy can serve as an example. While our naval forces grow smaller and more superannuated from year to year, the Soviets are developing a large and totally modern open-ocean navy, preparing to challenge us in every corner of the world. The present challenge to our sea supremacy in the eastern Mediterranean is but a harbinger of things to come if our Navy continues to deteriorate.

The measure of our entire defense effort can be summed up in the Administration's budgetary proposals for defense. On the one hand, the Soviet Union with steadily increasing effort moves toward a first-strike capacity from which they would have the potential for presenting us with a final ultimatum. On the other hand, we make great play with increasing the military budget by $1.5 billion—a figure which turns out to be a reduction of $3.5 billion after allowance is made for inflation. Or, to cite Secretary Laird's own section on "Changing Priorities" (shades of John V. Lindsay): Defense spending in fiscal 1972 will amount to 6.8 per cent of the gross national product, as compared to 9.5 per cent in 1968 and 13.3 per cent during the Korean War—or as compared to 8.3 per cent in 1964 before we were seriously involved in Vietnam.

It is hard to understand why the Administration, faced with the developing preponderance of Soviet power, does not call for a sharply increased defense effort. One must assume that President Nixon, while aware of the great growth in Soviet military potential, does not seriously believe in the intention of the enemy to use his potential in a final confrontation with the United States. History and Soviet dogma, political and military, throw the most serious doubt upon such a conclusion—despite the euphoric climate of coexistence that permeates the academy, the media and much of the ruling circles of the U. S.

WHEN THE UNITED STATES possessed overwhelming nuclear power, and still the Soviet Union boldly pressed forward, creating crisis after crisis, Winston Churchill said: "If thus they act in the green wood, how will they act in the dry?" The wood is drying. The Soviets show no signs of having changed. Yet President Nixon tells C. L. Sulzberger of the *New York Times*: "This war [the Indochina war] is ending. In fact, I seriously doubt if we will ever have another war." It is to be hoped that this is only pious wishful thinking on Mr. Nixon's part, that he is aware of the danger, and that the reason for his parsimonious underfinancing of defense in the forthcoming budget is, as some say, that he thinks it is the most he can get out of Congress, particularly the Senate.

This last may be true, as things presently stand, but if the situation is as dangerous as it seems to be, the President has a recourse, a recourse that the security of the country demands of him. Let him go before the people, making dramatically clear the urgency of our needs, pulling no punches either as to the gravity of the crisis or the expenditures necessary to meet it. To do less is to yield leadership to those in the media and in the Congress who are taking us down the perilous path to defeat. □

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Irrepressible and Irresistible

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Fourth House
By William F. Rickenbacker
Walker, 213 pp. $7.50

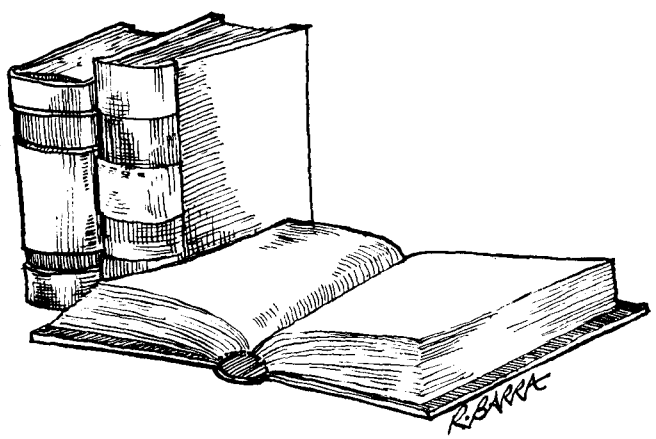
If it were not for the fact that I know him in the flesh and have just read his collected essays, I would say that Bill Rickenbacker could not exist. He is the son of the famous National Monument, Captain Eddie of automobile racetrack and World War I flying fame who was the entrepreneur of Eastern Airlines. Naturally, in rebellion against the extroverted and actively heroic Captain Eddie, Bill should have gone to another extreme, such as becoming a musician, a philologist or a writer of sensitive music criticism. Bill actually did go to all these extremes (he is a pianist, a master of at least eight languages, a music buff and a consummate verbal ironist). But it was not in revolt against the parental image that Bill has ticked off these various accomplishments. He merely piled them on top of a score of things in which he has imitated his father. For example, Bill is an air pilot, a veteran of Korea with many more active air hours to his credit than Captain Eddie himself. He was a college swimmer and plays a whale of a golf game. And, as the publisher of the *Rickenbacker Report*, a high-grade market letter, he obviously hopes to succeed in business by really trying, as his old man succeeded with Eastern Airlines after failing as an automobile manufacturer.

If you hold your father in such affectionate esteem that you can't revolt against him, you've got to measure yourself against something—and this something, in Bill's case, is the state which tries to dwarf its citizens. Like his father, Bill loves his country—but it is the country as the sum of its social powers, not as the usurper of individual energies, that Bill, like his father, is sworn to defend.

The distinguishing mark of the Rickenbacker essay (many of which have appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW, the rest of them in such brave and little-known publications as the lamented *Rally*) is a certain devil-may-care tone. Though he is the soul of personal courtesy, Bill is not politic. He can be a terror, as when he chose the occasion of a Conservative Party dinner in Westchester to attack Richard Nixon at a time when the Conservatives were supporting Nixon as the Most Available man. Bill's feeling in the great eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation in the Cuban missile crisis was that John F. Kennedy had been bluffed by Nikita Khrushchev into guaranteeing the permanence of the Castro regime—and he said so at the time. (The Khrushchev memoirs have recently corroborated the judgment.) His political essays read well six, eight and ten years after first publication (or first writing, in the case of some that were turned down).

Bill Rickenbacker's feeling about the Constitution is that it is his most cherished personal possession. Hence his reaction to the Census Taker, the Chief Snoop, who came nosing around in 1960 to his house—the "fourth house" alluded to in the book's title—in quest of data about such personal matters as toilets. This seemed to Bill Rickenbacker to be a violation of the constitutional guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure, and he refused the information. Bill didn't win his court fight (he got a suspended sentence), but he did have his effect on the Census of 1970, which made certain answers voluntary. Bill's essays in defense of privacy will live long in libertarian literature.

Bill is a master of von Mises' economics, which is to say that he looks askance at most of the popular state interventionism of our time. In his contributions to *Rally* Magazine he made some unique enterprisers come alive. But, as befits a true von Mises disciple, Bill recognizes that non-economic choice (the right to refrain) is part of the human birthright. As a many-faceted Renaissance man, Bill can celebrate life as well as analyze it from the market point of view. His essays on the pleasures of flying are, like Charles Lindbergh's, part of the poetry of our times. Bill obviously prefers low-flying planes that follow the contours of the earth. He also likes to manipulate fine machinery with his hands. I can't associate him with jet planes that go so high and so fast on computerized voyages that they see nothing of the history of our planet as it is marked in road lattices, in the crawling of rivers across the earth's crust, and in the curious place names that excite Bill Rickenbacker's imagination. Bill lives in the world of the senses just as fully as he lives in the world of abstractions.



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So his musical essays come as no surprise. He can make you feel the quality—or the lack of quality—in a concert pianist. And he can be amusing when he deals with the triumphs of electronic composition, which can achieve such masteries of imitation as duplicating the experience of an afternoon spent on the floor of the Rohr Aircraft Corporation in San Diego. It's art, all right, says Rickenbacker—but he'll settle personally for listening to Beethoven's imitation of the nightingale.

In a fond introduction to the essays Bill Buckley speaks of Bill Rickenbacker's vein of madcap irony. In trying to float an investment service Bill Rickenbacker will, of necessity, have to play this down for a bit. But don't worry; Bill is irrepressibly madcap. He'll be back. □

Deceitful Peace: A New Look at the Soviet Threat
By Gerhart Niemeyer
Arlington House, 201 pp., $6.95

THE INTENTIONS OF THE ENEMY

GEORGE F. WILL

In the 1930s, leaders of the democracies wasted precious years and, ultimately, millions of lives trying to understand Hitler's disagreeable tendency to act like the author of *Mein Kampf*. Today there are important Americans who, if they ever noticed it, would be bewildered by the congruence between North Vietnam's deeds and the words of Khrushchev's speech of January 6, 1961, and the 1961 program of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, and numerous writings of Mao and Ho. The existence of these Americans is the reason Professor Gerhart Niemeyer wrote this essay on Soviet ideology.

Niemeyer knows that the true believers in the Kremlin, nursing their obsession with a wicked historicism, are doubly dangerous because of the American true believers who persist in believing that the Soviet Union is mellowing and ripe for détente. It is remarkable that there are such Americans. No one under thirty can remember when there was no cold war. Judging by available evidence, no one now alive will see the termination of the cold war—unless, of course, the cold war turns hot, which is the probable consequence of policies which encourage Soviet contempt for Americans.

Niemeyer believes that Soviet ideology is the key to the origin and continuation of the cold war. If he is correct, Americans are courting disaster when they argue that ideological considerations are no longer paramount in Soviet policymaking. We are dealing with ideologues whose open devotion to their dogmas is only exceeded by their contempt for tender-minded enemies who refuse to credit Soviet sincerity. Niemeyer believes the key to sensible American policy is the recognition that Soviet leaders are animated by a pragmatic, flexible fanaticism.

Churchill defined a fanatic as a person who cannot change his mind and will not change the subject. My most vivid experience with a political fanatic was quite tame. It occurred at the home of lost causes, Oxford, where Isaac Deutscher was addressing some Marxist group on the occasion of the publication of his last volume on Trotsky. In the course of his perfervid tribute to Trotsky, Deutscher said: "Proof of Trotsky's farsightedness is that none of his predictions have come true yet."

Deutscher was an unimpressive acolyte and his fanaticism would have been comical were it not for a chilling reminder of the political dementia which governs the men who govern some powerful nations. Whether in Kronstadt, the streets of Berlin's Wedding district, the Yenan caves or the Hanoi council chambers, political fanatics have set the tone for this wretched century.

Eric Hoffer, who packs slim books with hefty truths, made a major contribution to modern understanding when he explained the ideological derangement of totalitarian fanatics—the true believers. Niemeyer's slim book performs a substantial service by explaining the importance of the fact that our most formidable enemy, the Soviet regime, is still staffed by such men.

Actually Niemeyer was studying true believers up close twenty years before Hoffer began writing about them. He left his native Germany in 1933 and since then has earned an enviable reputation as a student of international politics. He has published widely and now teaches at Notre Dame.

This book is a scholar's practical response to a widespread crisis of misunderstanding. It is an apologia for a conviction which, in a more rational age, would not need such a defense. The conviction is that the Soviet threat is fueled by orthodox Communist ideology.

No one doubts that the Soviet regime

is militarily strong and Communist. Niemeyer believes that Communists create and employ distinctive "evaluations, relations, impulses." He reasons that "everything turns on one's estimate of what kind of people Communists are." He believes that "the question of Communist ideology is pivotal to American policy and the destiny of civilization." His thesis is straightforward: Soviet Communists take their ideological legacy seriously and they mean what they say in their own embellishments of that legacy.

To understand the practical importance of his argument we must understand two things, the importance of understanding an enemy's intention and the widespread tendency to disbelieve Communist professions of fidelity to Marxist-Leninist doctrine.

Defense planners the world over must devise formulas for weighing both the capabilities and intentions of potential enemies. Capabilities are easier to ascertain and less problematic. Unless one can decipher intentions, one cannot know who one's enemies are. If capabilities were all it had to go on, Canada would need a defense budget larger than its GNP just to cope with its nearest neighbor. The real wonder is that so many people are in doubt about Soviet intentions. When it comes to their premises and goals, Communists are about as secretive and subtle as a steam calliope. They know that explicitness serves Communist purposes, and that it will not be believed by our influential true believers. They, like the rest of us, want a peaceful world. But they, unlike the rest of us, allow their wishes to father their thoughts. To do this they must master the wilful suspension of disbelief with regard to the plentiful and

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uniformly depressing evidence of 54 years of Soviet Communism.

Our true believers in détente have had a lot of practice. In the early years of the Soviet regime they argued that the Soviet Union was being misrepresented by unsympathetic outsiders who confused revolutionary strenuousness with viciousness. Twenty years and twenty million corpses later, Soviet viciousness was believable to our true believers so they changed—not their minds, but their argument. It took on a dialectical dimension. It held that Soviet viciousness had been so devastating that it "necessarily" would generate its antithesis—a compensating evolution toward benevolence.

But for 54 years our true believers have held fast to one conviction: the Soviet regime does not mean what its constantly reiterated and ruthlessly enforced ideology says about "liquidation" of this and "irreconcilable conflict" with that. Always they believe that the détente will break out when the next war (or purge, or invasion, or Berlin Wall, or missile crisis) is over.

Today Americans who believe in détente argue that "polycentrism"—a word coined by a Communist to describe the emergence of supposedly distinctive "national Communisms"—vitiates all generalizations about Communists. Niemeyer rejects this, but it is not crucial to his argument. What is crucial is that Soviet leaders believe Communist orthodoxy, the purity of which is protected by the full force of a police state apparatus. Niemeyer does not deny the possibility of "some kind of Communist evolution." He urges consideration of measures to "assist potential mutation" for the better. But pending such mutation, we should keep our powder dry and plentiful.

Communists do not think might makes right. They think might measures right, and that might comes from understanding, and being in lockstep with, the march of history. They despise weakness and self-deception, and they especially despise the weakness that results not from material conditions but from self-deception. In fine, they despise the wilful weakness promoted by those Americans who have unilaterally declared an end to the cold war. It is folly to earn the contempt of a strong and malevolent enemy.

The only weakness that can endanger America is a weakness of will. This weakness is manifest in wilful confusion about the Communist commitment to Communist ideology. Such confusion invites Soviet contempt and global disaster. Niemeyer's book is an antidisaster device and it deserves a wide audience. As Hoffer says, "the true prophet is not he who peers into the future but he who reveals the present." In this sense, Niemeyer is a prophet. He has accurately deciphered the large ideological dimension of current Soviet behavior. By explaining the present he explains why the future will be like the past—dangerous. □

The American South
By Monroe Lee Billington
Scribner, 436 pp., $12.50

THE SECOND RECONSTRUCTION

J. D. FUTCH

Professional Southerners we have with us always, but today's are a new and unlovable breed. The Old School types had their appeal—people over thirty will remember the windy solon of Allen's Alley, Senator Claghorn, who'd never wear a Union-suit, son; and everyone today must know Al Capp's General Jubilation T. Cornpone, the revanchist paladin, hero (or anyhow survivor) of Cornpone's Retreat, Cornpone's Rout and Cornpone's Humiliation (among countless other disasters).

But the Second Reconstruction has changed all that. Instead we find, below the Potomac, scores of politicians, journalists, professors and divines groaning under the South's guilt—under "the burden of Southern history," like so many of Dante's damned. The Linwood Holtons and Jimmy Carters play the role of latter-day scalawags; Hodding Carter keeps the faith in the newspapers (though Ralph McGill, alas, does so no more); and the professors—*they*, of course, are leading the pack, C. Vann Woodward and David Donald the most respectable of the lot these days. And Monroe Lee Billington. Billington? Who can say where to place him?

The author of this new study of the South has given us a manageably short review of the region's history and of its institutions and habits. He has clearly attempted to avoid the extreme positions taken in recent years by the lynch-gangs of Academia whom we politely describe as "revisionists" of Southern history. Yet one cannot well break their dogma entirely nowadays and still find a reputable publisher. Odd it is to note that Billington's book comes to us from Scribner, who once put out the writings of Madison Grant (*The Passing of the Great Race*) and of Lothrop Stoddard (*The Rising Tide of Color* and *The Revolt against Civilization*).

So—the product of Professor Billington's very cautious approach is a view of the South from colonial times through 1970, surprisingly even-tempered for these days, when few remember the visit of Charles Francis Adams *fils* to the tomb of Lee in 1907, there to proclaim on the centenary of the general's birth the eternal reconciliation of North and South. Prematurely, so it seems now. It is easier in our happy epoch to echo those denunciations of sinning Dixie that have emanated from the press and television of the Northeast since Little Rock in 1957; and the temptation to do so has not been heroically resisted by Southern literary figures, scholars and educators, many of whom have known quite well how to "make it" east and north of the Hudson.

The book offers little that is new, not that it is presented as a work of scholarly investigation. It does provide a handy account of what (chiefly) Southerners have had to say about the old Confederate states since the end of Reconstruction—the *first* Reconstruction, that is—and even today has its uses. For surely college students of the current generation must find it difficult to imagine that Southern ways after 1880 and before 1950 *ever* had defenders among the literate classes. And Billington refers, naturally, to the more familiar tale of the growing pressure in this century's first half against the South's racial customs, though he fails to mention what must have been, ironically, a most effective blow against them: the assertion by, of all people,

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"Perhaps the place to start looking for a credibility gap is not in the offices of the government in Washington, but in the studios of the networks in New York."

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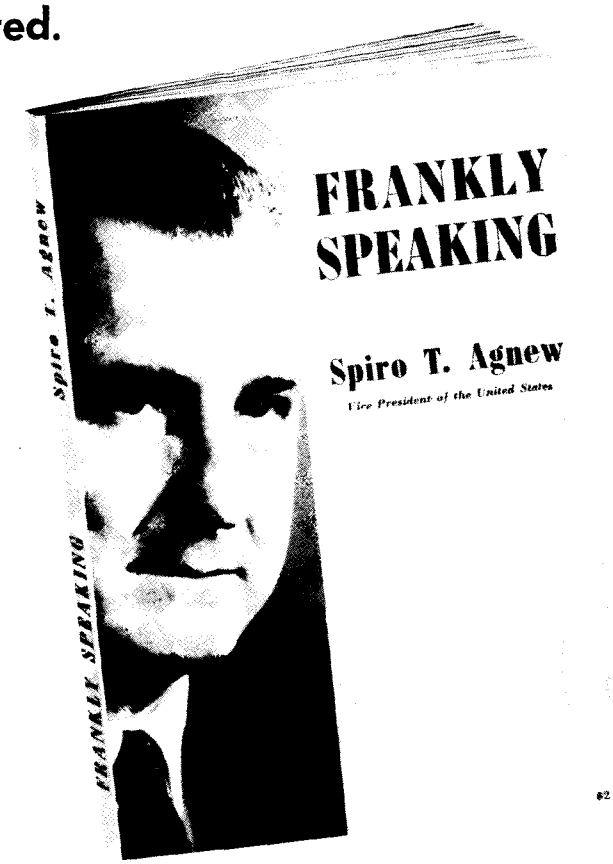
"*It is worth remembering that our country's founding fathers* wisely shaped a constitutional republic, not a pure democracy."

"These arrogant ones and their admirers in the Congress, who reach almost for equal arrogance at times, are . . . asking us to repudiate principles that have made this country great . . . They have a masochistic compulsion to destroy their country's strength."



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RANDOM NOTES

■ OUT THIS MONTH: Roger Parkinson's *Clausewitz* is the first biography in English (Stein & Day, $10). . . . Galbraith's latest is *Economics, Peace and Laughter* (Houghton, $7.95). Why is this man laughing? . . . Still another on the Fitzgeralds, *Exiles from Paradise* by Sara Mayfield (Delacorte, $8.95). . . . *Brendan* is Ulick O'Connor's bio of Behan (Prentice-Hall, $6.95). . . . Lionel Lokos probes *The New Racism: Reverse Discrimination in America* (Arlington House, $9.95).

■ FROM LEFT TO LEFTER: *Kirkus Reviews*, influential book-review medium for stores and libraries, just bought by *New York Review of Books*.

■ SPORTS BOOKS. *The Science of Hitting* is by Ted Williams, who knows (Simon & Schuster, $5.95). . . . Harold Seymour makes a case for the old-timers in *Baseball: The Golden Age, 1903-1930* (Oxford, July, $10). . . . Red Barber out with his memoirs, *Show Me the Way To Go Home* (Westminster, April, $4.95). . . . Racism, everywhere racism, moan Wally Jones and Jim Washington in *Black Power Challenges American Sports* (McKay, April, $6.95).

■ FUTURE-OF-AMERICA NOTE: While the biggest conservative periodicals continue to number circulation in the lowest six figures, the underground press shot up to six million in 1970, according to the Underground Press Syndicate.

■ MAY BOOKS. *NR* contributor Francis Russell out with revised edition which may be the last word on Sacco-Vanzetti of *Tragedy at Dedham* (McGraw-Hill, $8.95; paperback, $3.95). . . . The title tells it all in *Anti-California: Report on Our First Parafascist State* by Kenneth Lamott (Little, Brown, $6.95). . . . Mary McCarthy's new novel, *Birds of America*, is about an American undergraduate tasting junior year at the Sorbonne (Harcourt, $6.95). . . . *New Gods in America* is Peter Rowley's survey of the mushrooming kook cults (McKay, $5.95).

■ MAY AT HARPER. Be a good boy, Junior, and we'll read you *The Hardhat's Bedtime Story Book* by Al Capp ($3.95). . . . Hamilton Fish Armstrong looks back on a slice of his life in *Peace and Counterpeace: From Wilson to Hitler* ($12.50). . . . Collaborating with Wendell Hertig Taylor, Jacques Barzun offers a big fit $20 *Catalogue of Crime* that annotates 3,476, count 'em, 3,476 crime and mystery stories. . . . *Memories*, first of two volumes of autobiography by Julian Huxley, takes us up to that morning of hope when he took over UNESCO in 1945 ($8.50). . . . *Who Killed Enoch Powell?* is a novel about just that by Arthur Wise ($5.95). Speaking of good taste, would the same publisher bring out a sequel on, say, John Lindsay?

H. L. Mencken that the more genteel and sophisticated Southerners viewed the black man with equanimity, and that only poor and ignorant whites (today we say "rednecks") feared him. This appeal to the educated whites' pride, not to call it snobbery, has unquestionably undermined their resistance to the avalanche of revolutionary change in the Fifties and Sixties.

More than pride has been exploited in this area, however; and Professor Billington quite rightly calls attention to a further source of the South's, and the nation's, present distress over racial issues. He cites the fury against Southern whites which animated radical Republicans in the decade after Lincoln's death ("do they not deserve humiliation?" asked Thaddeus Stevens after the War, "if they do not, who does? What criminal, what felon deserves it more?"); and he emphasizes the importance of their moral commitment, as we unctuously call it now. But the calamitous result of applying moral or ethical concepts to political problems Billington quite ignores, in line with his generally milquetoast treatment of the knottier questions of history and politics: "The violent reaction of the radicals to the passage of the Black Codes by the [pre-Reconstruction white state] governments can best be understood in terms of idealism"—period, end of discussion.

INDEED SO. As much can be said for the "violent reaction" of *our* radicals against segregation and the Vietnam war in the 1960s. "Idealism" led to a crusade against both, and to a crisis of such desperate character that the Republic's future seems at the moment scarcely reassuring. Even a social misfortune tinged by vulgarity and humor, like Prohibition in the 1920s, was inflicted on the nation by idealists who wished to transform the government into "a political agency for moral reform" (as Billington correctly describes the radicals' view of the Republican Party after 1860).

A profound historian might well wish to draw a lesson from such experiences across ten decades—and conclude that the intrusion of presumed morality into the political sphere is quite predictably the herald of ruin. If Southern history is, in itself, worthy of separate notice in the period after, say, the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, then the issue to which the historian must principally address himself will be, sooner or later, the propriety of distinguishing fancied "rights" and "wrongs" in our forebears' behavior, that is, of treating political issues in "moral," i.e., superstitious terms. The Renaissance Italians taught us that politics and ethics needn't and cannot meet. Until our own historians take the point to heart, then we shall continue, with Harry Jaffa, to confuse the Confederates of 1861 with today's Weathermen and, with Vann Woodward, to talk about "the tortured conscience of the South." And *that*, in turn, will put writers like Professor Billington in a damnably tight spot. □

FICTION

The Throne of Saturn
By Allen Drury
Doubleday, 588 pp., $7.95

The View from Tower Hill
By John Braine
Coward-McCann, 253 pp., $6.95

The Green Pope
By Miguel Angel Asturias
Delacorte, 386 pp., $8.95

THE REALISTIC AND THE REAL

GEOFFREY WAGNER

"So the day of decisions came in Washington. . . ." As millions of Allen Drury fans probably know by now, his new slab of a book, a veritable butcher's block of "faction," concerns Piffy One, America's attempt to put a man on Mars before Russia does so. Frankly, I approached it in awe. Surely anyone who calls a book *The Throne of Saturn* these days has to be kidding, but the novel is far better, and certainly fairer, than early detractors have declared ("paranoid chauvinism," *New York Times*).

There is, indeed, some nice social criticism on the side. One would-be astronaut is permanently grounded by a racial-protest bomb ("TURN WHITE

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The winners
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ARTS AND LETTERS

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER—Cocteau,
Atlantic / Little, Brown

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LLOYD ALEXANDER—The Marvelous Misadventures of Sebastian, *E. P. Dutton*

FICTION

SAUL BELLOW—Mr. Sammler's Planet,
Viking Press

HISTORY & BIOGRAPHY

JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS—Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom,
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

POETRY

MONA VAN DUYN—To See, To Take,
Atheneum

THE SCIENCES

RAYMOND PHINEAS STEARNS—Science in the British Colonies of America,
University of Illinois Press

TRANSLATION

FRANK JONES—Saint Joan of the Stockyards by Bertolt Brecht,
Indiana University Press

EDWARD G. SEIDENSTICKER—The Sound of the Mountain by Yasunari Kawabata,
Alfred A. Knopf

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AND SEE THE PLANETS") which achieves very little except the removal of a leg. Drury is capable of amusing imagery ("shaggy Englishmen like supercilious unmade beds"), and the lift-off, about two inches through, watched by the weeping amputee, is a genuine imaginative attempt.

The genre, however, defeats its ends. Facts are hauled in to substitute for insight, as never they were for the genre's initiator, Zola. An effort has been made to give the characters post-*Catch-22* names, like Percy Mercy or Gaudy Gaudet, but they remain dummies. This is especially true of the women who are forever being kissed lightly on cheeks, when not dabbing furiously at eyes, or giving shaky laughs. Despite such shortcomings (plus the fact that I found the final prayer totally blasphemous), sheer sincerity here sees an awful lot through.

The trouble is that the whole enterprise—and almost anyone writing a book of this size ought to be able to generate some cumulative effect—is predicated on assumptions not invariably shared by those under the age of, say, sixty today. The last moon-shot revealed pretty widespread boredom over space exploration. In Drury's pages, too, to call someone a Communist is the vilest insult of all. The generation that will be of age come Piffy One may simply shrug blank shoulders at the charge. Above all, Drury never really shows *why* his cardboard cutouts want to land on Mars. One astronaut mentions a "visceral" urge for the undertaking, but he might presumably have felt the same before a ballgame.

JOHN BRAINE writes the same sociological or reportorial fiction, in a rather more leaden prose (when Braine comes to a bookcase he lists 22 authors and three periodicals). His story of the crack-up of a gray-flannel marriage is set in England, which is significantly undefined in the blurb since it could be anywhere English-speaking—"Leeds Road in Charbury would take its place with other streets in other cities." Chiefly American cities. By now Braine's characters get "demobbed," but they still "talk crap," washing down their Bath Oliver biscuits with Coca-Cola. Post-Braine-drain village shops are strictly village shoppes. Yet if here the setting is clapboard, the characters drive far deeper into themselves than do Drury's, chiefly through sex. The wife Robin, in particular, with her convent-school background, is the most interesting and, indeed, English character

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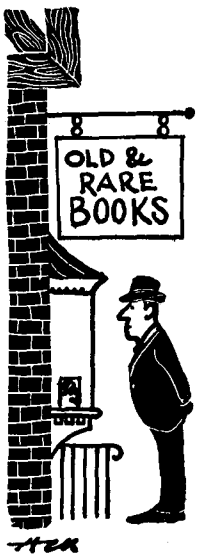
in the book. She could, and should, have been taken further.

To tell the truth, I had forgotten people still wrote like Drury and Braine. Both authors clearly do so in the expectation that someone is going to read them. Long-novel reading, however, demands a leisured privacy that involves a specific economic and social structure. This no longer obtains, let alone its appendage of referential background relied on by novelists for a century. Against Messrs. Dreary and Brawn, therefore, the vitality of 1967 Nobel Prize winner Miguel Asturias is astonishing. He alone is dealing with art.



All the same, I approached his new book with foreboding. The second volume of a left-wing trilogy about a banana republic by a Guatemalan diplomat—the clichés, wicked Wall Street capitalist and heroic field peon, seemed to be dancing off the page at me like dervishes already. Nothing could be further from the truth. Asturias is a great writer and has created in his central character George Maker Thompson a clever *summa* of mercantile culture. His universe, a Central American republic with "the shape of a pistol holster," is vividly real, and we share throughout in a common awareness of true sophistication. The descriptive material is superb, and probably unmatched by compositional ability, though this is hard to tell from one book of a trilogy.

THE STRUCTURE IS PUZZLING perhaps because poetic. The first part concerns, chiefly, the tragic love of Thompson for a beautifully described native girl called Mayarí Palma who, as one character puts it, has an Ophelia complex and decides to marry the local river rather than George. The second part finds our "captain of commerce" older, and deals with his grandson via another native woman. Offstage, there are a plot to annex the whole country and a battle between two fruit firms.

The cynicism is fairly total, for if Asturias is less "realistic" than Drury and Braine, he is far more real. All

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political panaceas are inadequate, and that includes the democratic dose administered, ironically enough, by the American entrepreneur. One charming, sympathetic character suggests that we revert to the Ptolemaic system, dividing people into rulers and ruled by the stars. In a final thought-stream at the end of the book we read the ultimate philosophy—"The damnedest thing is to pass water when you've got syphilis." This echo out of Huysmans via Flaubert—that it all comes down to syphilis in the end—gently chides far more than our venereal aspirations. The translation appears to be superlative. □

The Lysenko Affair
By David Joravsky
Harvard, 450pp, $13.95

LYSENKO, STALIN, KHRUSHCHEV AND SCIENCE

THOMAS H. JUKES

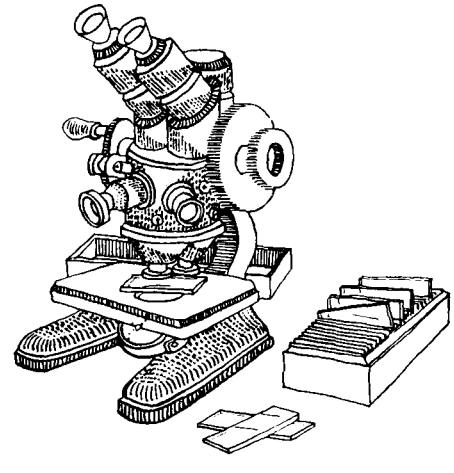
There are four possible responses to confrontation with tyranny and terrorism: capitulation and collaboration; evasion; compromise and appeasement; defiance. Examples of all four occurring as reactions to the Lysenko regime are described by Joravsky. Some scientists switched from one tactic to another; Vavilov started by trying to appease Lysenko. As Lysenko's irrationality increased, Vavilov had no choice but to attack Lysenko's destruction of genetics. For this, Vavilov was arrested, and he died of malnutrition and disease in prison. Other scientists such as Maksimov put on a show of collaboration to save their laboratories so that their subordinates might continue conventional research. Still others became Lysenko's hatchetmen. One was A. I. Oparin. Joravsky says:

> In the 1930s, when confession of Marxism was imposed on the Soviet intelligentsia, Oparin became one of the most active confessors. He began by claiming that Engels was one of the originators of his approach to the origin of life. But that was petty and fairly harmless hypocrisy. Oparin also joined the Lysenkoite movement, the only really eminent biologist to do so. From 1948 to 1955 he was in charge of Lysenkoite firing and hiring within the Academy of Sciences. He altered his speculations on the origin of life to suit the Lysenkoite creed, suppressing consideration of the origin of the genetic systems.

The story of the dissolution of biology by Stalin and Khrushchev, acting through Lysenko, is a melancholy one. Joravsky devotes many pages to painstaking and detailed analyses of Lysenko's statements and actions. Case history is piled upon episode to confirm the well-established fact that Lysenko was a ruthless charlatan. He got his start by dramatically publicizing the so-called "vernalization process" (which he lifted from the scientific literature), and then, becoming more and more powerful, he proceeded to attack and destroy the teaching of genetics in Russia.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, by faking results and concealing failures, Lysanko led Soviet agriculture into a nonproductive morass. Those who opposed or attempted to expose him were crushed. But the end had to come with the overwhelming predicament of food shortages, and the downfall of Khrushchev. It is satisfying to note the manner of the *coup de grâce*, described by Joravsky as follows:

> [Lysenko] had never troubled himself to be precise and he insisted that precise data were not essential. Shrilly he called attention to "biological theory," to "the progressive biological theory" that had been developed "in unity with the practice of collective and state farms," and had "always enjoyed the support of the Party and the state." In vain. The specialists stuck to their narrow task with devastating effect, for Lysenko and his colleagues were simply incapable of sustaining reasoning with facts and figures.



The "narrow task" of the specialists was to expose the specious reports and worthless results obtained by Lysenko in his procedures for increasing the butterfat content of milk by cross-breeding cattle, and for diluting inorganic fertilizers with soil before applying them to fields, where, of course, they are mixed with soil anyway. A few cold facts sufficed to dispel a huge miasma of bombast.

THE STORY DOES NOT have a happy ending. The exposure of the charlatanism of Lysenko is still embarrassing to the Kremlin. Joravsky notes that a warning was issued that "destructive recrimination" against the Lysenkoites was forbidden.

Joravsky's book does yeoman service because it is factual, analytical and is documented with much care. It includes 1,165 footnotes. The importance of such detailed studies is emphasized by a clear voice from the Soviet Union:

> . . . more or less everybody here thinks that it is not worthwhile to do anything, since they think it will make things only worse. And, such skeptics are sometimes right. The numerous letters in defense of Sinyavsky, Daniel, Ginsburg, Litvinov, Grigorenko have not changed their fates a whit. Tens and hundreds of people who have subscribed to these letters were subjected to various persecutions, dismissals, expulsions from the Party, extra labor loads, etc. And yet silence is not an escape from the situation. I would think that the escape does not consist in simple emotional protests or letters, but in serious analytical works of a fundamental character which can, without doubt, prove the national and international damage that have resulted. It is inevitable that systems whose stability is based on fear, and not on democracy and reason, will fall behind. The existence of such systems in the current world poses a danger for the whole of mankind.

What of the U.S.A.? The noisy attacks on science and agriculture by so-called "environmentalists" were recently given warm endorsement by Stewart Udall (*San Francisco Chronicle*, December 31, 1970):

> He specifically assailed the National Academy of Sciences, the nation's very highest and most prestigious scientific body, and announced that he is asking Ralph Nader to recruit a team of young scientists to investigate both the acad-

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emy and the rest of the scientific hierarchy.

Conventional attitudes of the scientific establishment, Udall said, turn scientists into "political eunuchs" and alienate young scientists who feel that science must militantly serve society's needs.

"The idea that every scientist is essentially a specialist who should stick to his specialty is dangerously outdated in an age of ecology," Udall said.

It sounds akin to the following passage from Joravsky, which was proposed as a toast to honor Lysenko:

> To the flourishing of science, of that science which does not allow its old and recognized leaders to draw complacently into their shell as priests of science, the shell of monopolists of science; to that science which recognizes that the future belongs to the young of science.
>
> To the flourishing of science, of that science whose people . . . do not want to be slaves of tradition, who have the boldness, the resolution to smash old traditions, norms, positions . . .

We are lucky still to have the freedom to defend science in our own country, and we can draw an object lesson from *The Lysenko Affair*. □

FILM CHRONICLE

HOFFMAN, JAGGER AND THAT'S IT

DAVID BRUDNOY

Dustin Hoffman deserves the Oscar for a performance which merits the hackneyed accolade *tour de force*, in a movie that can fairly be called brilliant, *Little Big Man*. I'm not going to worry about the historical accuracy of the film, or whether Professor Greenway would like it. That seems entirely beside the point. Derived from Thomas Berger's novel, *Little Big Man* is in the Hollywood "big film" tradition without the phony Hollywood that's driven young people and adult movie lovers into the little art houses to worship the newest Truffaut. Hoffman as Jack Crabb, 121-year-old survivor of the battle of Little Big Horn, and as Crabb in his teens, young manhood and early middle age, demonstrates what superlative acting is all about. The film is comedy, tragedy, sociopolitical statement, adventure yarn, directed by Arthur Penn with consummate mastery of almost every element. It restores one's faith in the American film as have few others in recent years.

Hoffman is constantly believable in *Little Big Man*, a necessary quality in those episodes which are tall-tale verging on fantasy. He's supported by Chief Dan George as Crabb's Cheyenne "grandfather," an actor and role so dignified, manifesting such integrity of person and part, that I again regretted never knowing my grandfathers. Martin Balsam is delightful as a patent-medicine charlatan; Faye Dunaway, who acts only in bold-face, is surprisingly good as a minister's wife turned whore; and the others—Indian maidens, twitchy braves, prissy soldiers, Western gunslingers, egomaniacal General Custer—are uniformly right. But it is Hoffman, wending his way from orphaned youth to adopted Cheyenne to Christianized white boy to Indian and on to Custer's Last Stand, who makes the movie sing. *Little Big Man* embodies and scorns the old myths of the West, ironically, sometimes parodically, playing the clichés (noble savage, savage redskin, civilized white, brutal racist, and so on) against each other with devastating wit and compelling force. We'll hear a lot about *Little Big Man* as a True Tale of "genocide," and director Penn will be glad that we do. But that's not it at all. *Little Big Man*, the finest American film of 1970, is an ambivalent allegory, not a morality play.

GIMME SHELTER is to *Woodstock* as *Little Big Man* is to *Little Women*. *Woodstock* was beautiful, tender, visually delightful throughout, and false. *Gimme Shelter*, the new Maysles brothers film about the Rolling Stones, ending in death at Altamont, is gutsy where *Woodstock* was flabby; tough where the other was Consciousness III drivel; ugly, and honest. The Stones are the best rock group in existence; Mick Jagger, for all his androgynous sexuality, is a superstar, ego writ large, a pompous ass, yet continually exciting. *Gimme Shelter* is for those who are fascinated by the Stones, who turn on to reality in films instead of gooey sentimentality à la *Woodstock*, who want to see why Woodstock Nation died, who're drawn to the wake.

There were four deaths at Altamont; *Gimme Shelter* shows only one and blames it on the Hell's Angels. But who hired those cycle creeps to stand guard? Altamont's producers, that's who. And who, cobra-like, draws such rapt audiences and inspires such frenzy? Mick baby and his Stones. Probably unintended by the film's makers, the movie reveals the Stones' commercial grubbiness and points the finger of guilt at that sensibility which goes beyond appreciation of the Stones' music to emulation of their life-style. *Gimme Shelter* is more *cinéma vérité* than most people want to endure. Mongoose-like, I sat through it twice and now know more than I knew before, more, even, than I thought I wanted to know. *Gimme Shelter* is a great film for reasons that elude simple explanation. It's a happening, maybe the last of that dried-up genre.

OTHER FILMS I've seen in the past few weeks were either soporific or downright insufferable. *Ryan's Daughter* is David Lean's latest, an overblown, never-ending assault on our intelligence. Lean hangs the adultery tale of Rosy Ryan (Sarah Miles, flawless to her toenails), her over-aged husband (Robert Mitchum, who can act, bless him), and her young lover (Christopher Jones, who's come down from *Three in the Attic* and stopped being *Wild in the Streets*, complete with haircut and, like a teeny-Samson, his powers gone), on to some monkey-business about Irish nationalism during World War I. He's given them all, I mean *all*, God's green acres and the majesty of Ireland's coast in which to frolic. All nature trembles whenever Rose Ryan comes; all Ireland sighs whenever Jones as the shell-shocked British officer trembles; all good audiences go elsewhere when *Ryan's Daughter* comes to town.

But not to *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, which is so fraudulent a stab at justifying chick-lib that even Betty Friedan must hang her head in embarrassment. Better subservient Tina Balser (Carrie Snodgress) should stay with her insipid husband (Richard Benjamin)—"C'mon, Tine, how about a lit'l roll in de hay"—than go off and Be a Woman with her nerdy lover, mugged by Frank Langella as if he had a little black book in his skull and an engine in his shorts. It's so uncommonly ridiculous, so patently pseudo, so Rock Hudson-Doris Day gone Adult, so

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painfully forced. Mad Housewife? Infuriated movie-goer, I'd say.

If we must plunk down three bucks to see females degraded, better *Groupies*, even, than Frank and Eleanor Perry's *Diary*. *Groupies* should have been compressed into a ten-minute segment in *Gimme Shelter*, where it belongs. That segment should have been nine-tenths Joe Cocker—who's as outstanding as a soloist as the Stones are en masse—and one-tenth the incredible nymphets who squander their youth. Margaret Mead might write about the *Groupies* phenomenon: Coming of Age in America by lapping after rock-studs. But this crass movie isn't up to it: just skin, profanity, squeals, and rake in the dough. Even the Swedish-made-for-Americans *Threesome*, the latest in that whole tribe of pitiful sexploitatives, says as much (and that's little enough) about life as *Groupies*.

If a film must be big, let it be big and glorious like *Little Big Man*, not suffering from spring fever and elephantiasis like *Ryan's Daughter*. If it's to be a potboiler, let it be social documentary in the modern idiom, like *Gimme Shelter*, not schmaltz like the others mentioned above. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GOV'T INSPECTED MEAT AND OTHER FUN SUMMER THINGS, *by Dotson Rader (McKay, 242 pp., $5.95).* In his *I Ain't Marchin' Anymore* (1969), Mr. Rader wrote: "The experience of violence, at least for me, creates sexual hunger." Now he reverses the equation and spills out one of those *gee but ain't life a rotten trip*-type books, lovingly detailing the squalor in everyone's sex bag—straight, gay, group, mixed, matched, solo—and the inevitable, toujours inevitable, decline from sexual hunger into violence. Rader is of the *City of Night-Last Exit to Brooklyn* school, but he's less nauseating than Selby and a better storyteller than Rechy. That's something, at least. *Meat* is part novel, part—surprise, surprise—Social Protest. Lots of blather about whites craving sex with Negroes to expiate guilt; an underlying assumption that only a violent shake-up of society can save us from America's hideousness; original stuff like that. *RAT* magazine labeled Rader a "sexist pig." True enough; every woman in *Meat* is an object. Rader has evidently passed through his male hustling and SDS posturing days and is now settling comfortably into the role of just-sub-thirty grey eminence of the S&M Left. *Meat* displays considerable talent; but the talent is wasted by and large in a novel genre with which we've already been surfeited. One cannot copulate one's way to Salvation.

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE NEW NATION: *(1783-1793), by James Thomas Flexner (Little, Brown, 466 pp., $12.50).* If George Washington's historic stock has fallen low over the past few decades, it is largely because he never did much trumpeting on his own behalf. Unlike the Adamses, Jeffersons and Hamiltons, he was not a verbose propagandist or a facile apologist; hence no feverish cheering section of latter-day scholars. When the infant nation occasionally gave Washington a breathing spell, he immersed himself in the role of agrarian patriarch, and did it quite well. In public life he was usually a towering eagle in the midst of a squabbling brace of peacocks, popinjays, bantams and screech owls—a firm, thoughtful commander and administrator whose basic, almost instinctive belief in the principles of personal freedom was perhaps deeper than the fulsome preaching of the ideologues. How like his love for the Virginia soil was his quiet, unrelenting labor for a unified, functioning nation, achieved despite the tugging and shoving of rival factions. It gave him a satisfaction that needed no posturing or speechifying, and viewing it was like surveying the ordered, spreading fields of his own Mount Vernon, where, "to see the work of one's own hands, fostered by care and attention, rising to maturity," was the truest reward. In the third volume of his four-part life of George Washington, Mr. Flexner, an accomplished art historian as well as a gifted biographer, has produced a full-length portrait of the Father of Our Country during his brief years of peacetime retirement, the crucible of the Constitutional Convention, and his early years as President. This is a well-written, scrupulously documented work, with an admirable reliance on Washington's own written and spoken words, and those of the men and women who knew him. In the opinion of this reviewer, it is the best life of Washington yet written.

A. BAKSHIAN JR.

BOUND TO VIOLENCE, *by Yambo Ouologuem, translated from the French by Ralph Mannheim (Harcourt, 182 pp., $5.95).* Africa's writers are its truest and sternest critics. Wole Soyinka and Chinua Achebe of Nigeria come immediately to mind, and Mr. Ouologuem of Mali, with his first novel, joins their distinguished company. With vivid imagery, he weaves the tale of the Nakem Empire (Mali) from 1200 A.D. to the present day, probing the nature of power (Arab, European, indigenous) and the nature of man (black, brown, and white). A brief passage on the more recent scholarly fantasists of Africa is typical of the novel's pungent power. Saif, a "notable," i.e., traditional ruler, "shrewd ideologist that he was, raised . . . the prices on the Negro art exchange, cooking up, to the sauce of tradition and its 'human values,' a stew of pure symbolic religious art which he sent to Vandame [a French colonial official], who passed it on to his correspondents who (may the Lord bless their innocence) peddled it to the curiosity seekers, tourists, foreigners, sociologists, and anthropology-minded colonials who flocked to Nakem. . . . He inspired Shrobenius [read Frobenius and his current imitators] to make known—a notion stamped with the genius of lunacy—the civilization and past of Nakem: 'But these people are disciplined and civilized to the marrow! . . . It was only when white imperialism infiltrated the country with its colonial violence and materialism that this highly civilized people fell abruptly into a state of savagery, that accusations of cannibalism, of primitivism, were raised, when on the contrary—witness the splendor of its art—the true face of Africa is the grandiose empires of the Middle Ages, a society marked by wisdom, beauty, prosperity, order, nonviolence, and humanism, and it is here we must seek the true cradle of Egyptian civilization.' Thus drooling, Shrobenius . . . mystified the people of his own country who in their enthusiasm raised him to a lofty Sorbonnical chair. . . ." Mr. Ouologuem spares no one his lash, but nevertheless his characters are human and exhibit the full range of man's passionate and compassionate qualities.

E. B. MEYER

A HERITAGE OF STONE, *by Jim Garrison (Putnam, $6.95).* Make no mistake, Garrison's book will be greeted gleefully on every campus this side of Bob Jones U. For one thing, it's well written, with a galloping suspense-novel pace. For another, it tells every rad-lib in the country what he's been dying to hear: John Kennedy was assassinated by agents of the Pentagon and the CIA because he wanted to bug out of Vietnam. Silly? Sure. But, unfortunately, given the structure of the book and the context in which the charge is made, plausible, especially if you want to believe it in the first place. Garrison builds the book within a critique of the Warren Commission report, and he manages to summarize succinctly, in good clear prose, every discrepancy which leaks from the report's uncaulked seams. Then, having convincingly kayoed the Commission, he slips in his own solution to the murder. The shooting was a "coup d'état" which has resulted in "a military takeover of the U.S." We now live in a military dictatorship, and the assassins—who also got Martin Luther King and RFK—may get us next. This raises some questions, of course. Why are the agents of "the warfare state" allowing Nixon to end the war? Why are important senators allowed to speak out against Vietnam? Why was Garrison allowed to publish this book? But these are

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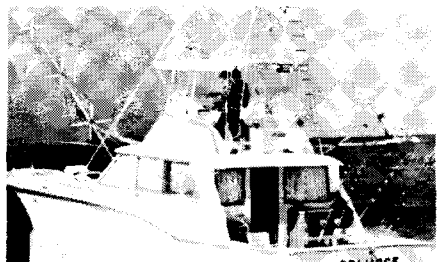
irrelevant questions, of course. The boys at Berkeley won't ask them. J. R. COYNE JR.

ALL WHAT JAZZ, *by Philip Larkin (St. Martin's, $6.95).* When British poet Philip Larkin was asked to do a jazz column for the *Daily Telegraph* in 1961, he had one worry: his taste for trad and mainstream jazz and his dislike of the modernists ("With Miles Davis and John Coltrane a new inhumanity emerged") might cost him a nice assignment. So, like a Waugh anti-hero, he set out to play along, editing his copy to replace "insolent" with "challenging," "excruciating" with "adventurous." Yet his articles, reprinted here, treat the modernists tartly, the classicists warmly, and everyone stylishly. His book can thus serve as a reliable primer while still offering the buff insights enough to keep him from dozing. What sets Larkin apart in the dreary literature of jazz is his iconoclasm. E.g.: "the term 'modern,' when applied to art, has a more than chronological meaning: it denotes a quality of irresponsibility peculiar to this century, known sometimes as modernism, and once I had classified modern jazz under this heading I knew where I was." And: "From using music to entertain the white man, the Negro had moved to hating him with it." To understand what the lumpen-jazzmen and their scribes are doing to jazz, this breakthrough book is essential reading. N. MCCAFFREY

NO LANGUAGE BUT A CRY, *by Richard D'Ambrosio (Doubleday, 252 pp., $6.95).* When Richard D'Ambrosio, a clinical psychologist, first met Laura, she was twelve years old, autistic, mute, and, according to psychological tests, possibly mentally deficient. Her parents had tried to kill her when she was one-and-a-half years old; they were sent to a mental hospital, and she was being cared for in an institution run by a group of nuns. It was with extreme reluctance that Dr. D'Ambrosio went to the institution in the first place—he thought institutions were "impersonal" and antithetical to his idea of the therapist-patient relationship. But he went, "coerced" into doing so by a young social worker; once there, he was coerced by the nuns into reading some of the girls' case histories, and it was Laura's that arrested him. (Part of his enormous admiration for the nuns was based on their "Machiavellian" ability to make anybody do anything, by means of "nun-magic," "nunsistance," and "outright hypnotism.") For two years, he mainly talked to Laura, with little apparent effect; finally, by a combination of skill, absolute dedication, and some luck, he got her to speak. Then he and the nuns spent the next four years working to give Laura some trust in other human beings, and a belief that she herself deserved to live. The book ends with her successfully graduating from high school and from a special nursing course, and going out into the world. L. BRIDGES



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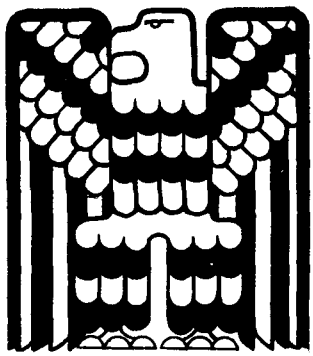

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 344)

per cent accurate although it perhaps should have been placed more firmly in the past tense. The White House *had* decided to postpone the Laotian attack—but for only seven days.

Personally, I agree with Pentagon officials who say privately that the delay may have been disastrous in that it gave the North Vietnamese a full week to prepare their "welcome party" for the visiting forces from Saigon.

Washington, D.C. FULTON LEWIS

Correction

NATIONAL REVIEW, in commenting on Congressman William R. Anderson's speech of January 24 ["The Week," Feb. 23], misquotes the Congressman. You say: "Anderson wound up Jacobinically: 'Let the church go into the streets and let us, too, bring the street demonstrations into our courtroom.' "

My copy of Representative Anderson's text shows the following as his concluding sentence: "Let the church go to the streets and let us, too, bring the street demonstrations into our *churches*." (Emphasis added.)

Nowhere in the text is there any reference to the desirability of staging demonstrations in the courtroom. I believe that you have done Congressman Anderson a serious disservice in misquoting him in this way. Obviously instigation of demonstrations in courtrooms is a serious and reprehensible matter. It would deserve the strongest censure. Inviting street demonstrators to come into the churches might be criticized, but it is hardly in the same category.

Arlington, Va. BENJAMIN GINZBURG

More on Youth

Max Geltman's brilliantly provocative article, "The Arrogant Cult of Youth" [Feb. 9], captured the subculture of our Now Generation, who act as if they have been the first to discover sex, love, peace and freedom, while, at the same time, many of them continue to overindulge themselves with all the materialistic goodies of our unparalleled capitalistic Establishment. They certainly are society's most hypocritical consumers!

Dallas, Tex. FARRIS R. SMITH JR.

I should like to correct a misapprehension readers of Max Geltman's article may retain concerning the character of Nestor Makhno, one of the significant figures of the unsuccessful 1917-1922 Ukrainian revolution. It is not practical, in this short note, to discuss the manifold aspects of Makhno's political career. Too much obscurity still surrounds this man, whose co-optation by the likes of Cohn-Bendit reminds me of even more blatant stupidities, e.g., the pot counterculture's "Christian" roots (as per Rozsak). Makhno has

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had an extraordinarily bad press on both sides of the Iron Curtain, and the time may be ripe for an attempt to place him in scientific perspective. The Bolsheviks hate him, so does much of the articulate West, so do the various Ukrainian émigré parties, from the far Left to the far Right; hence such a task will be quite difficult.

On one point though I think a firm statement can even now be voiced: Makhno was never an antisemite. 1) His closest theoretical advisers were Jews; 2) his policy with respect to the massive assistance voluntary Jewish battalions gave to the Bolsheviks was a model of hyper-tolerance. While he ordered the execution of the commanders and commissars of each *officially* Bolshevik contingent he defeated, he always released the rank and file (many of whom were Jewish) with orders to leave the country (i.e., Ukraine) immediately. His troops avoided all conflict with the aforementioned battalions of pro-Bolshevik Jewish volunteers, and did not, on religious or racial grounds, molest the Jewish population of the cities and villages they occupied.

Professor Lipset (whom Mr. Geltman quotes) ought to know this, if he does not he ought to keep silent. No one is an authority in a factual void, no matter how illustrious his other achievements.

Winnipeg, Manitoba GEORGE D. KNYSH

First, you can pass the word to Max Geltman that there *are* some books about the cult of youth, not least among them Lewis Feuer's *The Conflict of Generations.*

Second, Mr. Geltman says, "Why [this generation] is best is not explained." Young people have probably always thought themselves an improvement on their elders. Aristotle and Plato outlined the process whereby youth's demand to arrange things differently from its parents becomes an engine of social change—usually for the worse.

But the problem is definitely more pronounced nowadays. Growing affluence and leisure, new fads and ideas spread through mass media (from both of which youth takes rather more than its share): these unquestionably contribute to the worsening problem, as does the rebirth of the millennialist spirit, the most interesting of all the factors so far brought forward.

But I suspect the fundamental reason is something simpler and far more familiar. The cult of youth may well spring from the idea of progress, dominant these many decades throughout the liberal West. This would explain why not only youth thinks it is better than its elders, but why many elders prefer to think so too.

After all, if our path leads onward and upward, it must follow that our children will travel farther along than shall we—from which it is only a short leap to the notion that the kids are already farther along than we—from which it is clear that our children must save us from our frightful shortcomings.

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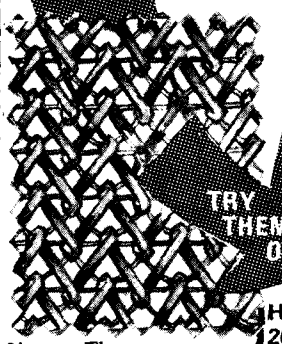

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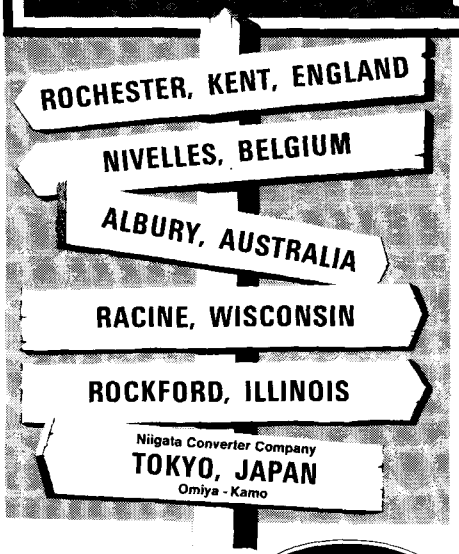

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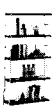
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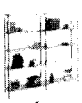
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(Are you taking all this down, Mr. Reich and Miss Mead?)

This trend of thought is, of course, made to order for anyone who wishes to encourage hopes of a wonderful change in human affairs. The kids simply have to be better than their parents, else how shall we count their chances to escape the tragedy of history?

Manhattan Beach, Calif. CHARLES BRITTON

Round Two

Dear Nika Hazelton: Sociology is, in part, the study of variations between societies, as reflected in culture, polities and economies. I submit that your culinary studies of different national styles of cooking are acceptable sociology. Sincerely,

Cambridge, Mass. DANIEL BELL

Dear Daniel Bell: Thank you for telling me what sociology is, in part. What is the other part? Then I'll shut up. Sincerely,

New York, N.Y. NIKA HAZELTON

Orson Bean, Sí!

Thank you, thank you, thank you for the article by Orson Bean! All these years I have loved him, and have hated the thought that he was a left-leaner. It's a joy and a delight and a great relief to know he's a fellow conservative rather than a fellow traveler.

New York, N.Y. MARY MARSHMAN

The article by Orson Bean was very amusing and enlightening.

However, I must reluctantly point out an error in the story of the "Scottsboro Boys," which was, as Mr. Bean correctly said, overplayed by the Communists and liberals. This event happened in Scottsboro, Alabama—and not, as Mr. Bean said, Georgia.

Pisgah, Ala. KELLY HICKS

Regarding the outstanding February 23 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, I don't know whether I enjoyed Francis Shakespeare's "Danish Blue" or Orson Bean's "Through the Years with the Blacklist" more.

A lot of men in prison today must know just how Mr. Bean felt: "Damned if you do . . . and damned if you don't."

And God bless Nika Hazelton for her realistic "hard-nosed" attitude toward sociology. We have sociologists working with convicts who agree with her. Concerned and warm-hearted real-life human beings are doing more to rehabilitate, redirect and remotivate hardened convicts than all the academicians lumped together. And the refreshing thing about this is that the "good guys" among them are the first to admit it. Penology and sociology don't need any more theories. They need people getting their hands dirty working with the real problems.

LOU TOROK, #129-606
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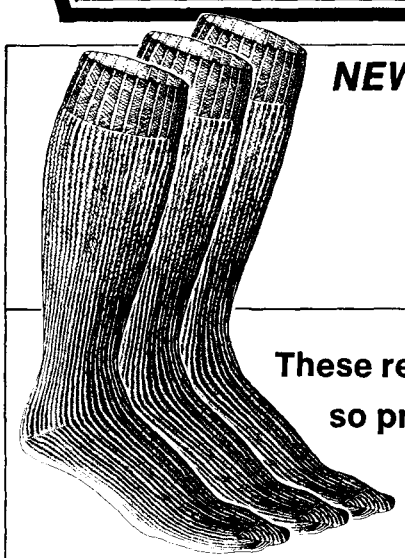

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"Can't be done!" he said. "If the socks are as strong and durable as you claim, they've got to be so stiff underfoot, they'll be unwearable!"

"Kitten-soft," said the manufacturer.

"Then they won't wash satisfactorily."

"Always come out like new," barked the manufacturer. "Permanent colors, lasting texture and shape."

"Or you'll weasel the guarantee," added our man, doubtingly.

"Unconditional!" snapped the manufacturer.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Revenue Sharing – I

Rougemont, Switzerland, March 17—It sometimes happens—have you noticed?—that a subject gets so sliced up, one despairs of trying to pick up a piece of it that will not fragment: and, rather than start again from scratch, the temptation is to give up. It is so, for instance, with the disarmament proposals. And it is so with the revenue-sharing business. At this point so many people have been heard on the subject, often saying contradictory things, one has the feeling that the public simply turns the dial when the subject comes up, like the English and the Common Market.

Well, some recent figures are in front of me, from which, without very much coaxing, it appears to me that a story line emerges. First, one or two surprises—to stimulate the mind, and to break up the stereotypes. New York is the richest (highest per capita income) state in the union, right? Wrong. Connecticut is. Alaska is one of the poorest, right? It is the second richest; Nevada is third, and only then New York.

Mississippi—surely—is the poorest state in the union? Yes, it is. And socially the most backward? How do you usually define socially progressive states? By the size of state and local taxes. Mississippi takes, in taxes, $117 for every thousand dollars of personal income. By contrast, New York State takes $140. Inasmuch as New York is one of the very richest states, and Mississippi is the very poorest state, then the tax-strain on Mississippians can be seen to be far greater than on New Yorkers: which collapses one old saw.

New York has the highest rate of taxation in the nation? No, the second highest. Hawaii's is the highest.

What is the spread between the poorest and richest state? Connecticut's per capita income is $4,595. Mississippi's is $2,218, so that the richest American state has more than double the per capita income of the poorest American state. What state is closest to the median? Missouri, whose per capita income is $3,458 (the median is $3,406—almost three times Japan's).

How many states are poorer than Missouri? I.e., have per capita incomes less than the national average? Twenty-three. They are: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Georgia, Idaho, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Mississippi, Montana, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia and Wyoming.

How does Missouri, as the median state, make out in the welfare game? Well, it pays over to the U.S. Government $500 million per year in taxes. How much does the U.S. Government pay to the state of Missouri in welfare grants? $502 million.

Is that round trip really necessary?

The Congress of the United States has resolved that henceforward no state richer than the average, i.e., no state whose per capita income exceeds Missouri's, shall qualify for any federal grant.

What about the poorer states? Let Congress, which in 1969 put out $24 billion in welfare grants, scale down its brokerage function, by addressing itself exclusively to the poorer American cousins. The poorest American state, Mississippi, has been getting federal aid at the rate of about $200 per capita, compared to Missouri's $125 per capita, and (inexplicably), New York's $140 per capita. The parameters are suggested. Why not begin at $100 per capita for the underprivileged states? The total population of the less-than-average states is 53 million. Times $100, you have just over $5 billion. If experience reveals that that is not enough, raise the figure. Meanwhile, the individual states are emancipated, and can look after their own welfare problems in their own way: and that is the true meaning of decentralization. □

REVENUE SHARING II

Rougemont, Switzerland, March 20—Having scaled down the brokerage function of the Federal Government by relieving it of the responsibility for taking money from the richer states in order to return money to the richer states, what can it usefully do? Two things, one of which I alluded to in the first of this two-part series. Namely, to act as the agent through which money passes hands from the richer to the poorer states, as the philanthropic or redistributionist impulse moves the Congress. A suggested formula might be based on the distance of any given state from the national median. Thus, for instance, Mississippi, where per capita income is $2,218, presumably needs more help than Montana, where per capita income is $3,130, close to the national median of $3,406. Congress might reasonably decide to funnel $100 per capita to the poorer states, and take it from there.

THE SECOND THING the Federal Government could usefully do is to lease its tax-gathering facilities to the individual states. I do not see any substantial argument, based in theory or in practice, against such cooperation. Thus, one day in the future, the resident of New York, having filled out his federal tax return, would go on to consult the table for New York; which would give him the exact sum of money he would need to add to his federal return in order to discharge his state obligation. Exit, with the single deed, all the state internal revenue agencies that occupy themselves with income taxes. The Federal Government, on receipt of the grand total, would put aside the indicated sum for the credit of the individual state, less a service charge.

Now ideally, the Federal Government would get out of the business of graduating the tax. As Professor Friedman has demonstrated, it could do so with no pain at all to itself, and with great benefit to the body politic. A very few reforms would be needed. Those Mr. Friedman has advocated are: 1) eliminate all deductions, 2) double dependency allowances; and lo, you could raise as much money as the government now raises from personal income taxes, by having a set rate of 20 per cent. You could even throw in a $1,500 negative income tax floor, by increasing the flat rate to only 23 per cent. The figures are suggestive of how relatively little is the money that is taken from the rich. They are simply not numerous enough to constitute a significant tax factor.

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The states could then devise income taxes of their own choosing, setting the rates according to their fancy: and, dutifully, the tax would be collected by the single internal revenue agent, and remitted to the states. But the taxpayer would always be aware who it is that is taking his money. That nexus, so greatly stressed by Wilbur Mills, is indispensable to enlightened self-government. Under Mr. Nixon's plan, the Congress of the United States ordains the tax, then remits a part of it to the state, whose legislators then assemble in order to discuss merely the matter of how the money should be spent: not whether it should have been raised in the first instance. To separate the one function from the other is the device of those who wish to conceal from the taxpayer what are the economic realities. In his book *The Affluent Society*, Professor Galbraith, always on the prowl for means of substituting himself for the marketplace, suggested automatic increases, pegged to inflation and cost of living, for schools, and such, to spare the legislators the occasional agony of having to levy more taxes, or letting the schools run down.

Better the agony, I say: and surely all taxpayers would say as much, and would hope that Congress will address this opportunity to engage in revenue-sharing, by adopting genuine, radical reform. □

JOHN LENNON'S ALMANAC

Rougemont, Switzerland, March 24—A letter from a spirited and incisive correspondent on the West Coast has cost me the better part of a day. . . . "I send you, untouched by human hands, Issues 74 and 75 of *Rolling Stone* that carry the complete interview with John Lennon, running to some thirty thousand words.

"These sheep-witted Beatles, fawned on and reverently looked up to by most of the young across the earth, although their dispositions are as mean as their intelligence and their morals are as base as their lineage, I make so bold as to suggest that they started it all, and have dealt Western Society such heavy blows that it will be a century in recovering, if, in fact, it ever does.

"These men are not innocents—they are sophisticated scoundrels capable of the most swinish behavior and their influence poisoned the head-waters of the Sixties and we now see that trickling stream of history as it gathers and deepens and broadens and rolls its mighty tides of drugs and antinomian attitudes, now already engulfing what remains of civilization in a few walled towns. I am led to believe that what I am sending you is an historic document."

Because my friend believes, after all is said and done, in the virtue of moderation, he adds the P.S., "There are north-west winds today, and the horses are restless—also my 51st birthday—tomorrow will be better." Well, I have read all thirty thousand words, and I also hope that tomorrow will be better, having no alternative: despair is a mortal sin. Despair is very nearly what the reading of this gargantuan interview brings you to.

WHAT WAS LENNON'S POINT in granting the interview? He had a minor and a major point to make, respectively to promote an upcoming album, and to talk about himself. Several times, with his complete approval, he refers to himself as an egomaniac, a frailty a great many people have: but not all of those who have it, have the complementary failing of supposing that that part of the world (always a majority) that fails to interrupt all other activity in order to give itself over to the veneration of you is a) philistine, b) ungrateful, c) is wasting its time.

Lennon manages to convey these conclusions, which could have been done much more economically if he had eliminated as redundant say every other use of his favorite obscenity, which makes him sound like a musician who cannot graduate beyond the use of the two-four beat. It is remarkable to achieve in combination what Mr. Lennon manages to do here, namely a) to demonstrate how he laid waste his life during the 1960s, and b) to proclaim so apodictically on how others should govern their lives (recipe: adore Lennon, and [favorite verb] your neighbor).

By his own admission Lennon was never happy wtih the Beatles. 1) He greatly distrusted Paul, whom he always suspected of attempting to satellize the other Beatles; 2) to have joined the Beatles was in any case an artistic copout; 3) he was victimized by a succession of commercial predators who have managed to get everything snarled up; 4) the music the Beatles ended by playing was arid and formalistic and an imposture on good creative music; 5) he was stoned for the better part of two years on acid, which he took "literally" thousands of times; 6) the sex orgies in which he engaged, particularly when on tour, cloyed and gave him no satisfaction; 7) on flying out to India in search of spiritual solace, he discovered that the fakir in whom he reposed confidence was a commercial old lecher; 8) oh yes, he discarded a wife; 9) everybody is jealous of him; and 10), it is only by chance that he met his Yoko (the paper does not give her last name, and I cannot conveniently find it where I write these words), whose least song is better than "Sergeant Pepper," widely hailed as the Beatles' best; wherein Mr. Lennon achieves credibility at last. The balance of the magazine is devoted to endless copy about other rock groups, classified advertising for abortion seekers, and home-growing advice for marijuana users, plus a great deal that is inscrutable except to high-honor students in the subculture which strains through thirty thousand words of John Lennon in search—

Of what? Lennon is greatly talented as a musician. As a philosopher he is as interesting as Jelly-Roll Morton: less so, as a matter of fact. He is interesting only to an anthologist of pieces on How I Wrecked My Own Life, and Can Help Wreck Yours. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A South American example of the welfare (farewell?) state — 2 211 50 80 206 172 222

B. O Man! what a country! — 6 91 125 200 1 148 100

C. A kingdom that has not had a king since 1890; it will not have one for some time — 20 171 145 15 31 84 143 128 185 21 218

D. Gertrude Ederle was the first woman to swim it — 26 164 68 96 101 127 132 135 146 5 149 170 105 130

E. Unscramble STRANGE MEW — 99 87 178 219 203 35 197 209 153 67

F. A long gaiter to protect the trousers or stockings from mud — 113 69 97 118 131 150 180 65 107 138 199

G. A more familiar name for *Arrangement in Black and Gray* — 104 8 12 27 166 95 106 126 134 151 163 179 195 210 221

H. A French composer; the last four letters form the name of five German composers — 119 57 156 48 88 167 181 75 103

I. The lack of money is the — of all evil, according to Elihu — 32 38 40 14

J. Part of the Soviet Empire — 129 191 17 25 175 208

K. We are twenty-four hours closer to it today than we were yesterday — 39 94 81 36 77 173 28 168

L. To proceed in a fixed routine of succession — 137 201 182 71 41 51

M. A country mentioned in *Genesis* — 147 194 42 177 205 114 158 214

N. An American breed of hogs — 62 45 144 136 192 93 102 204 212 85 110

O. This has replaced prayer in many schools — 22 123 37 44 60 64 74 89 122

P. A Speaker of the House who was known as Czar — — 70 54 83 112

Q. If you have this, don't bury it — 90 121 23 43 111 198

R. A country that was once part of the Dutch Empire — 152 116 120 78 140 76 55 183 186

S. Another name for the hire-purchase system — 155 9 11 19 108 46 63 82 92 190

T. What Lindsay did not drink to Pompidou — 187 98 133 109 159 216 4 56 142 61 73

U. Where both Meusel Brothers performed (they took turns flying out to each other) — 13 115 29 207 79 24 189 157 141

V. He didn't have to give the watch back; he was — — 16 213 49 202 217 30 58 161 117

W. A lake in the Sierra Nevada Mountains — 33 139 59 184 124

X. Shameless — 165 86 174 220 162 196 47 188

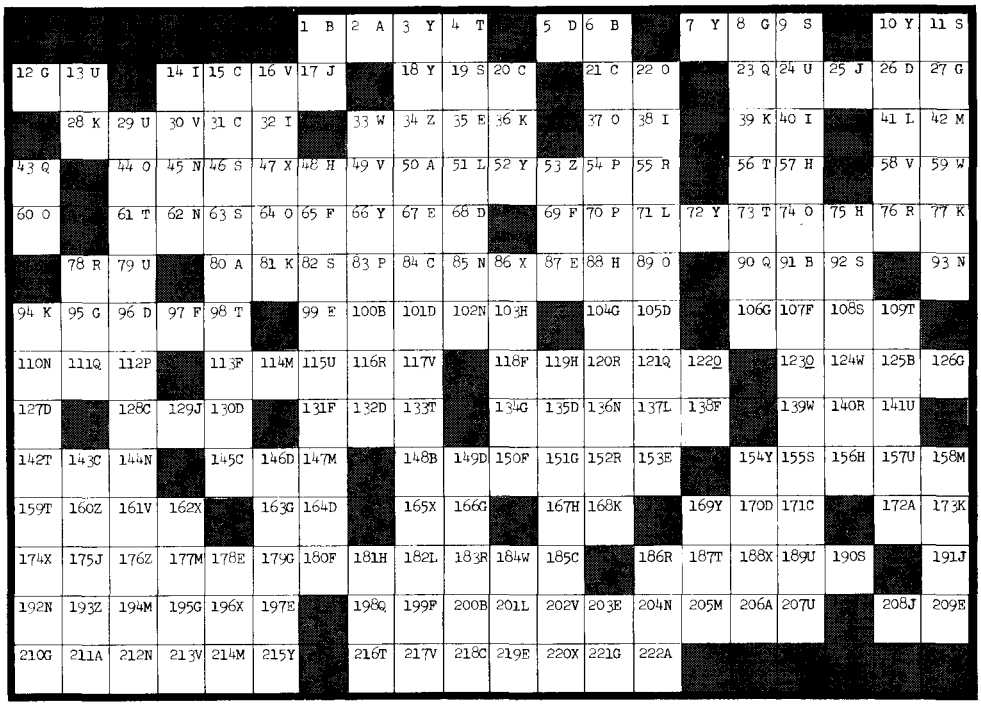
Y. Having complete or infinite knowledge, awareness, or understanding — 169 18 52 66 3 72 154 10 215 7

Z. To score, as in a game — 176 193 160 53 34

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 388 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram



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If you drink to forget your problems, you have another one.

Anybody who makes and sells a good Bourbon is not about to give you a lecture on total abstinence.

But we would like to say something about the problem drinker. The guy who's always trying to drown his sorrows. And the one who thinks if he can just get "high", all his troubles will go away.

Well we know, and you know (and even they know) that that approach to liquor doesn't work.

And someone with serious problems who consults a liquor bottle instead of a doctor, is liable to wind up in very hot water.

Why do we care?

We're Bourbon makers, so we feel a certain responsibility about our products. But much more of what we feel is pride.

When we make Beam's Choice Bourbon we do a good job of it. Aging it 8 long years. Charcoal-filtering after that. The result is about as close to perfect as anybody's going to get.

Beam's Choice has a proper place in people's lives if rational enjoyment is their goal.

But it can't find you a good job. Or make someone love you. Or get your mother-in-law a home of her own.

We didn't make Beam's Choice to help you solve your problems.

We made it to help you celebrate solutions.

EIGHT YEARS OLD. 86 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

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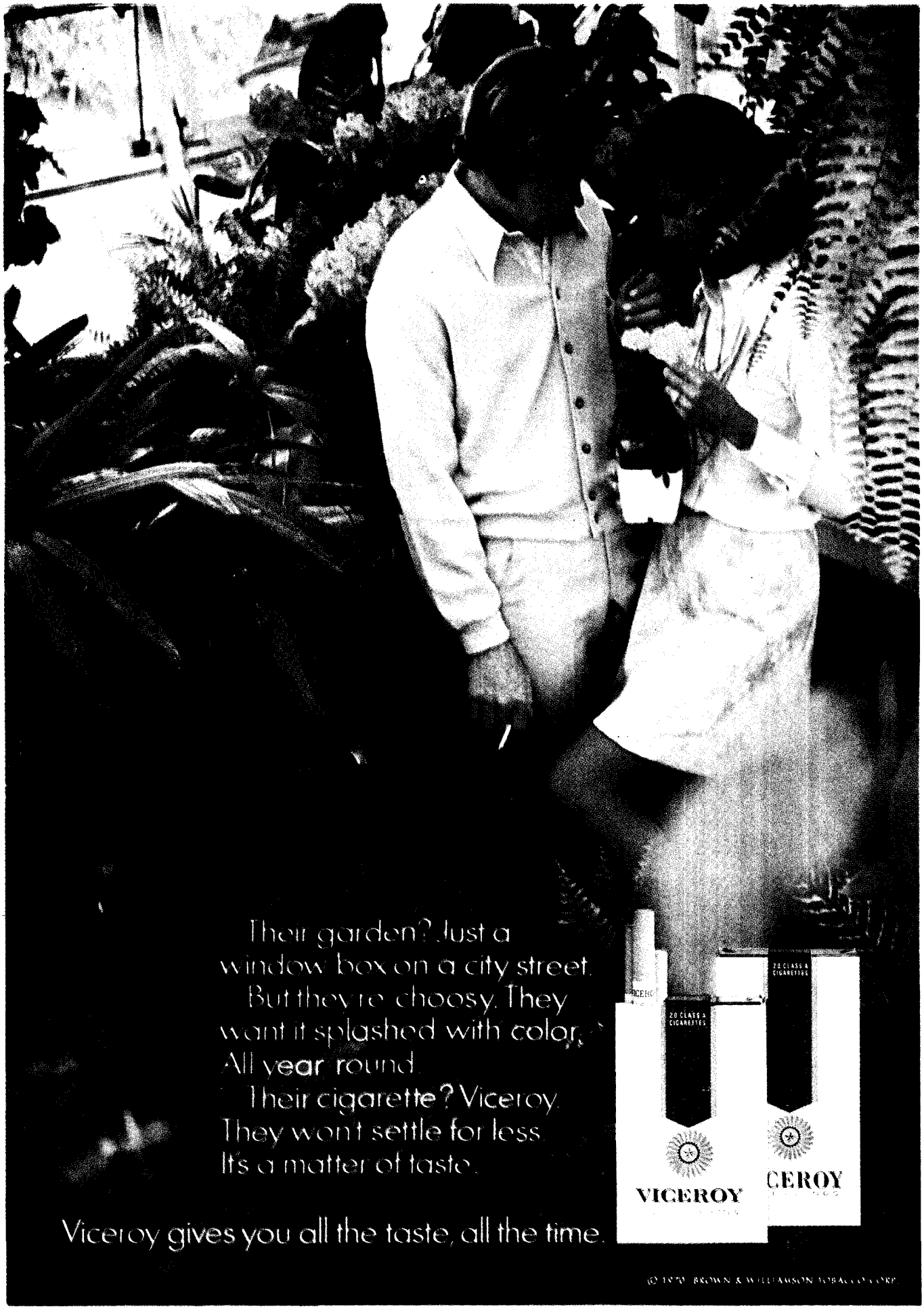
Their garden? Just a window box on a city street.
But they're choosy. They want it splashed with color, all year 'round.
Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less. It's a matter of taste.
Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
VICEROY
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King Size, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70.

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